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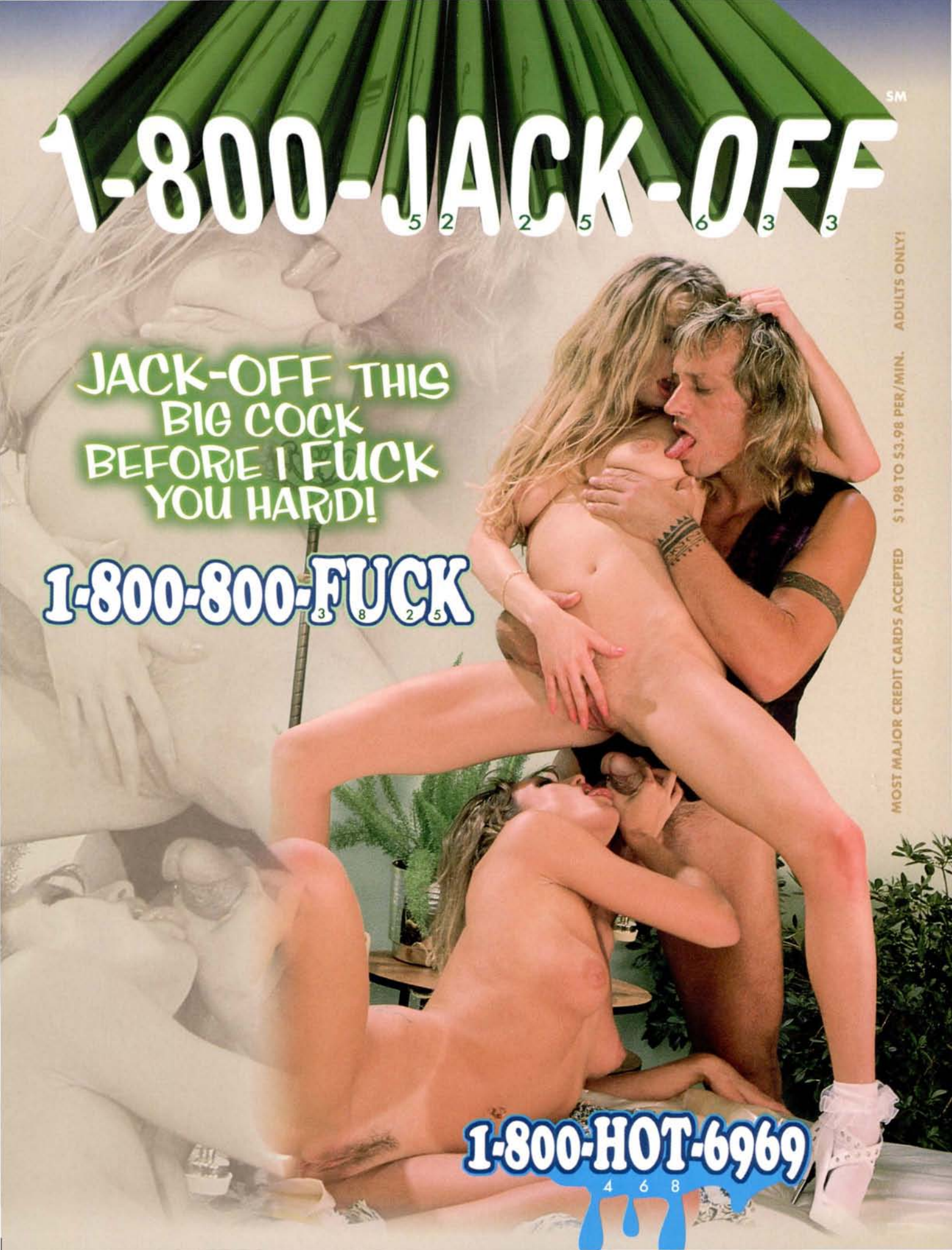
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Breathless
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34 IZABEL
Desert Fox
Photography by Matti Klatt

54 TAYLOR AND JOEY
Lip Service
Photography by Clive McLean

64 ELLE
Fashion Burn
Photography by Clive McLean

79 DREAMA
Incredible Asset
Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean

100 ASHLEY AND TRENT
Anal Retentive
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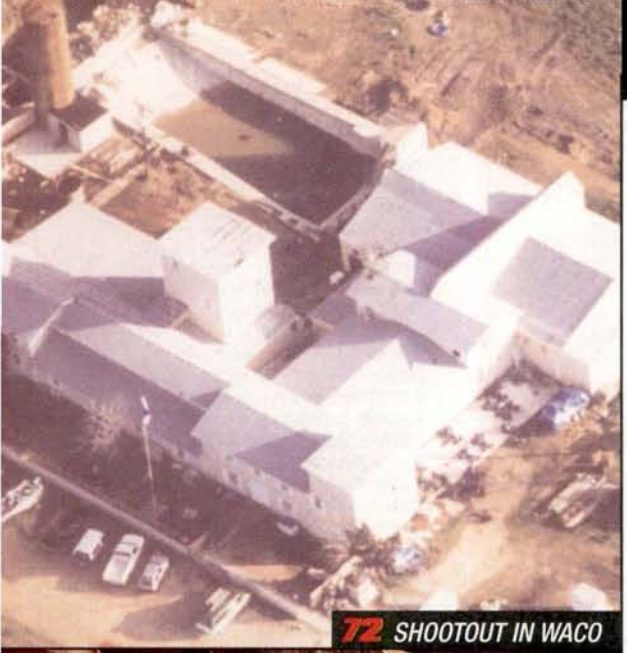

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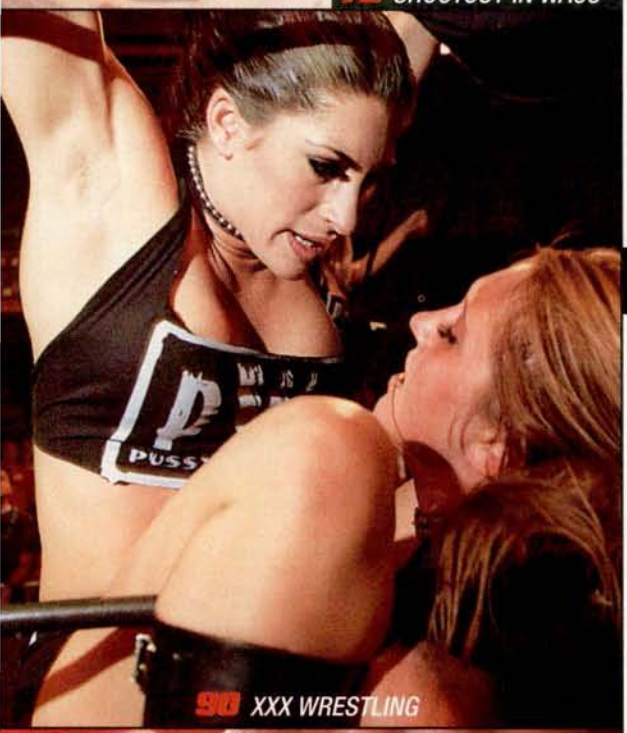

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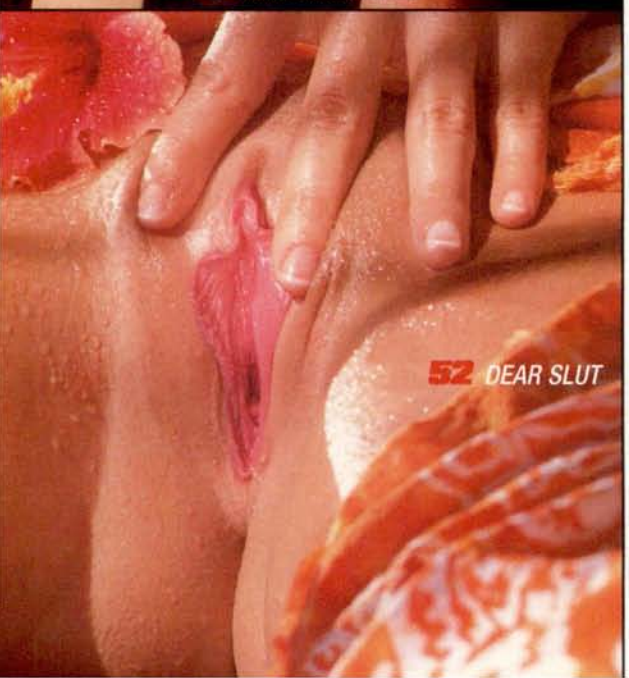

52 DEAR SLUT

MONTHLY FEATURES

3 CATERPILLAR
A HUSTLER Ad Parody

72 SHOOTOUT IN WACO
On the Tenth Anniversary of the Bloody Gunfight Between Government Agents and David Koresh-led Cultists, an ATF Agent Who Fought in the Battle Gives a Firsthand Account of What Went Down and What Went Wrong.
Report by Special Agent Charles Hustmyre

90 XXX WRESTLING
Meet the Super-sluts of Smackdown
Women's Pro Wrestling Just Got Nastier. Hoping to Create an Unbeatable Combination, Porn Entrepreneurs Are Adding Gratuitous Sex to Over-the-Top Violence.
In the Ring With Natasha Manitoba

156 SEX PLAY
Blood Lust: Menstruation Lovers Go With the Flow
by Dan Kapelovitz

45 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

THE ISSUE'S STANDARDS

9 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
Does America Have a Free Press?
by Larry Flynt

11 FEEDBACK
Free Speech at 37 Cents a Pop

13 BITS & PIECES
Now With 30% More Righteous Indignation
Edited by Stephen Sonneveld

30 HOT LETTERS
Spunk Mail

45 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
Hummers in Uniform: The Return of Extreme Porno Boot Camp
Edited by Gus Mastrapa

52 DEAR SLUT
XXX Star Jeanna Fine Tells the Fucking Truth

88 HUSTLER HUMOR
Edited by Andrew Quintero

98 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Amateur Nudists From the Halls of Academia

128 BEAVER HUNT
Flash Photography Department

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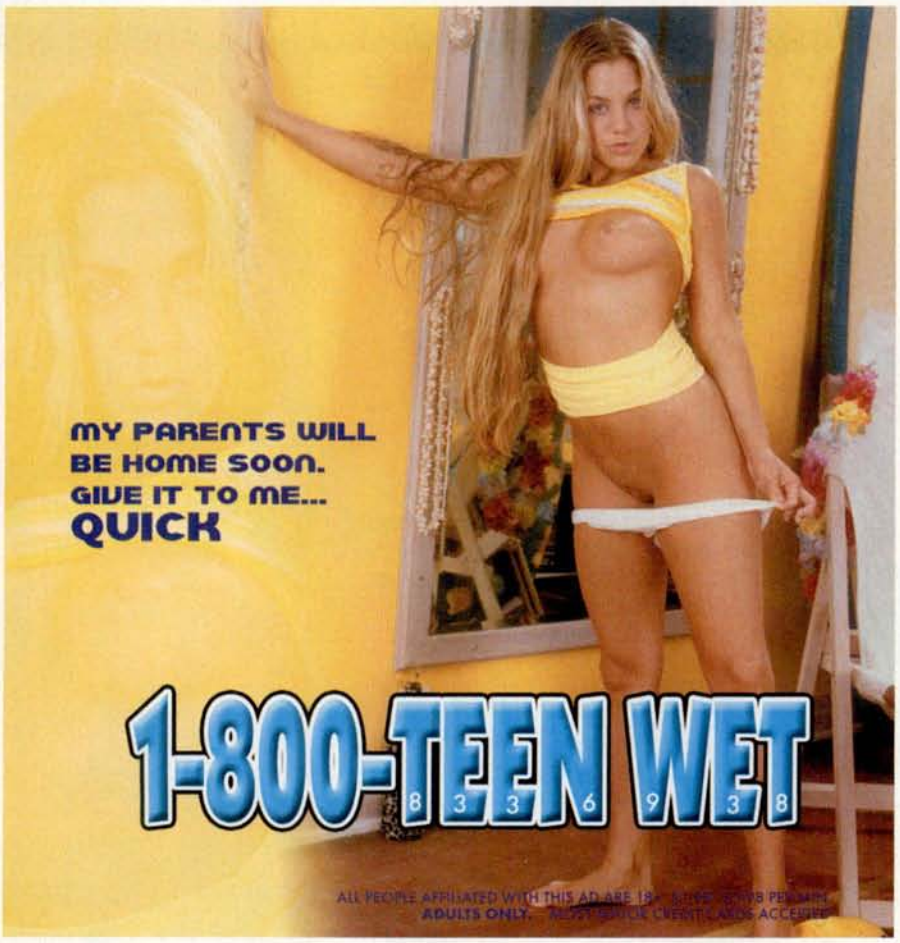
88 HUSTLER HUMOR



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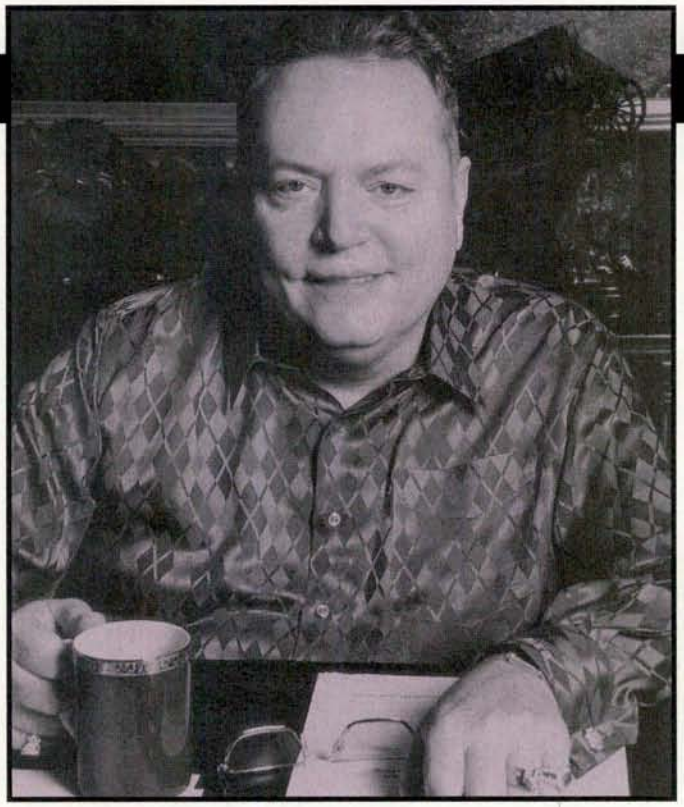


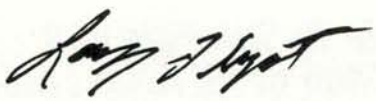
DOES AMERICA HAVE A FREE PRESS?

I have spent my entire life defending the First Amendment. It is, of course, this very instrument, freedom of speech, that has made our country great. Yet from time to time the government, both local and federal, has tried to abridge that right. Thankfully, those attempts have been unsuccessful, for the most part.

Recently, however, our right to free speech has come under attack once again, this time from an unlikely source—the press itself. Thanks to the growing consolidation of the news media into fewer and fewer hands, and the increasing integration of these news organizations into giant corporations such as Westinghouse, GE and Time/Warner, we have witnessed a relatively new phenomenon that some have labeled the Corporate Press. These news organizations, such as *Time*, *Newsweek*, NBC, CBS and ABC, must adhere to the agenda of their corporate owners, an agenda which, with globalization, has come increasingly in conflict with the needs and aspirations of the vast majority of American people. As a consequence, the entire debate in the press has been limited by those with the need and power to obscure the truth, at the expense of independent journalistic voices.

What voices, you ask? How about the news stories of Greg Palast (see GregPalast.com), an American reporter forced to sell his work to newspapers such as the *Guardian* in London and TV stations such as the BBC (where he appears five nights a week)? Palast, whose most recent book is *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*, has exposed exactly how George W. Bush, with the aid of his brother Jeb and Secretary of State Katherine Harris, stole the 2000 Florida election (and consequently the national election) from Al Gore. Yet none of this makes it into our public consciousness because the news media either doesn't report it or they put it in the same category as alien abductions. (Note: As of this writing, it looks as if little has changed in Florida, since pretty much the same thing that happened two years ago has occurred again during September's Democratic primary.)

Because of the foregoing and other examples like it, I have decided to bring back my monthly editorial after years of absence. In future issues of HUSTLER you will find this space reserved for my take on current events, both foreign and domestic, as I look at the stories that make—or don't make—the news. It is time for me to once again speak out, because it's become apparent that if I don't, no one else will.



Larry Flynt
Publisher
HUSTLER

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- *Are all sex supplements completely safe?*

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We Review And Rate Over 80 Pills. Find Out What Really Works And What Doesn't.

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- *Learn which supplement is dangerous for men with even a minor heart condition.*
- *Find out what works best for men your age, whether you are 23 or 73.*
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- *Question & Answers section and much, much more.*

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Mainstream Smut

In your December 2002 issue, J. P. from Amarillo, Texas, wrote Jeanna Fine saying that he had a friend who saw a double-vaginal, double-anal scene, but couldn't produce proof ("Four in the Whore," *Dear Slut*). There is a movie available that portrays such a scene; it's called *Orgazmo*, and it stars the two guys who created *South Park*. The act is fake, of course. Since it's the kind of thing you see on Cinemax, there's no way they could show the penetration (if it were physically possible in the first place). I just thought that you guys would want to know. Keep up the great work. —A. W.

Schaumburg, Illinois

Thanks for the obscure tidbit, A. W. Have you considered trying out for the Porn Geek position on *Beat the Geeks*?

Funny Fuck

I fell on the floor laughing while reading Scott Fayner's piece about his sexual experience with Jewel De'Nyle (*The Poontang Challenge*, December 2002 HUSTLER). He is truly a gifted writer and personality. No journalist I've ever heard of would become so involved with a story that he'd drop his drawers and fuck his subject just to get a scoop. Who is this guy anyway? Why isn't he on the regular HUSTLER staff? You guys would be fools to let such a talented scribe slip through your fingers.

—T. V.

New York, New York

Mr. Fayner maintains the excellent L.F.P., Inc. Web sites LarryFlynt.com, a great source for up-to-the-minute news reported from the HUSTLER perspective, and XXX-scoop source HUSTLER PornGossip.com. The rest of the time Scott chases porn stars with his video camera, gathering behind-the-scenes footage and phone numbers. We like Scott just fine, but you're the only person to write a letter that's supportive of his work. Are you sure you're not his mom?

Stretched Pink

Something has been weighing on my mind for a number of years. There's a tendency in porn photos for the models to spread their pussies open with their fingers. Maybe I'm missing something, but to me, the vagina is most beautiful when allowed to hang naturally. Stretching the labia only shows how loose the cunt is. What's the advantage in that? I want to see what the twat looks like in its natural state, not after it's been massaged, licked, stretched, pulled and twisted out of shape. Am I totally out of touch? —A. A.

Honolulu, Hawaii

You're not out of touch, A. A.; you just lack a sense of adventure. HUSTLER strives to show pussy from every imaginable angle. We want our readers to see dripping love holes and fresh-as-a-daisy, virgin poontang. We'll stretch one cunt to its limits, then leave the next one undistended so that we can enjoy its beauty just as God intended. Variety is the spice of life. In every issue of HUSTLER, we give our readers enough assorted pussy to last a lifetime.

Suck on Lolly

I just wanted to let you guys know that HUSTLER keeps getting better and better. Every vixen in the December 2002 issue is hot. My favorite is Lolly (*Lolly: Grande Mocha*). I've always had a thing for Latin girls. This *chica* looks as if she's made for sin. Her snatch is the tastiest-looking cookie I've ever seen. I would love to see more of Lolly, especially if you manage to put her in a video. Hook a fella up; please feed my animal lust for Lolly.

—L. B.

New Orleans, Louisiana

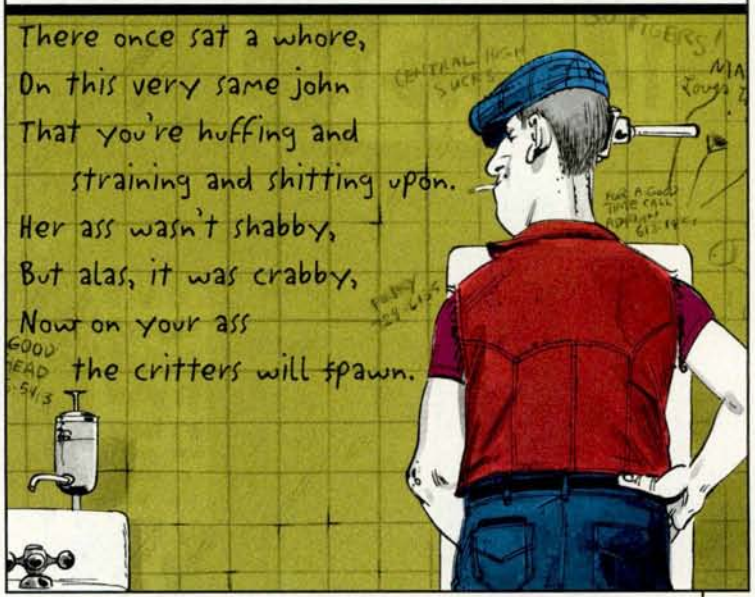
LOLLY: GRANDE MOCHA

Your wish is our command, L. B. Lolly stars in the premier edition of HUSTLER Video's *Latin Girls*. Call (877) 325-6464 to order a copy.

Slammer Dunk

My name is Billy Ray Bates. I'm an ex-NBA superstar who is interested in writing for your magazine. Back in the 1980s I played professional basketball for the Portland

GRAFFILTHY


There once sat a whore,
On this very same john
That you're huffing and
straining and shitting upon.
Her ass wasn't shabby,
But alas, it was crabby,
Now on your ass
the critters will spawn.

*Thanks and $50 go to **Jeff B.***

"No journalist I've ever heard of would drop his drawers and fuck his subject just to get a scoop."

Trailblazers, Philadelphia 76ers, Washington Bullets and the Los Angeles Lakers. I made a big mistake in 1998; that's why I'm writing to you from South Woods State Prison. I've written over 20 pages of passionate trash hot enough to make the whole world come. I've also written a book that details my life story. If you're interested in either, please let me know.

—Billy Ray Bates
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Your story sounds fascinating. Stay safe, keep your nose clean, and please keep in touch. We're sure that our readers would love to hear more about you and the circumstances that led to your incarceration.

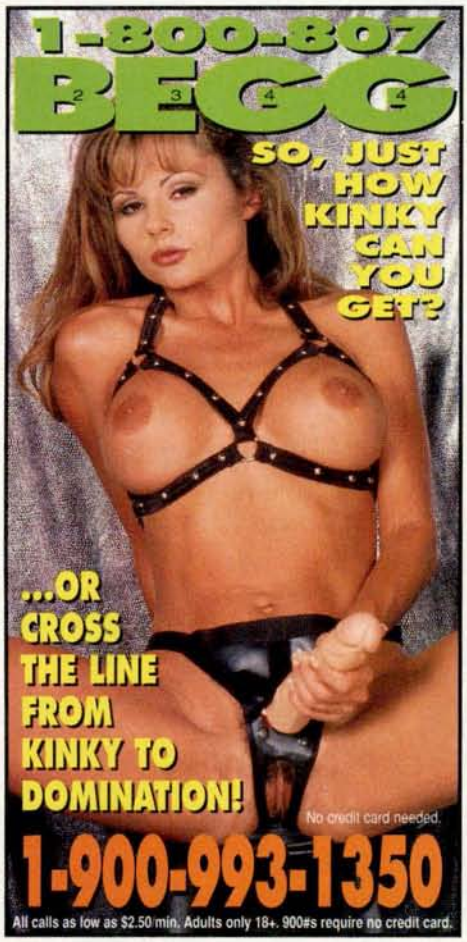
I Dream of Jenna

My boyfriend and I love watching porn when we screw. One of my favorite porn stars is Jenna Jameson. I think she is awesome. The other day I was reading that Jenna was more or less old news and that a new starlet, I believe her name is Devon, was about to pass her up. Never! You should devote a section of HUSTLER to Jenna. Let her fans know what she's been up to. I'm not crazy or anything. I just think she's hot. —K. R.

Lexington, Missouri

Crazy? Everybody at HUSTLER thinks that Jenna is the cat's meow. Do you think we're a bunch of nutjobs? (Wait; don't answer that.) We can't let out any secrets just yet, but one way or another you can count on seeing more Jenna Jameson in HUSTLER.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.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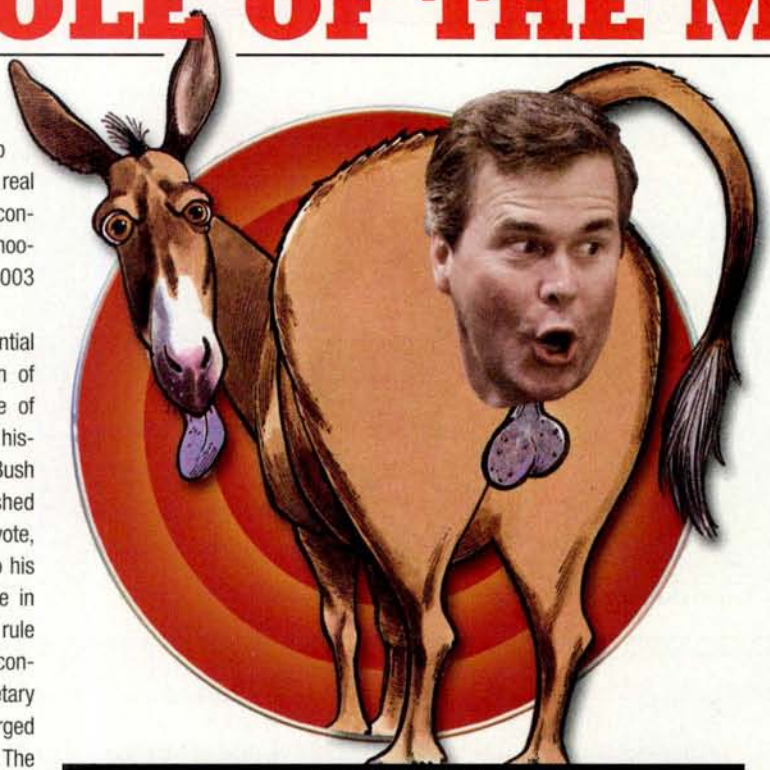
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



JEB BUSH

Thanks to his deceit, arrogance and ineptitude, Florida Governor Jeb Bush is, as of this writing, in very real danger of being ousted by his constituency. However, Bush was a shoo-in for HUSTLER's February 2003 Asshole of the Month.

Until the tainted 2000 presidential election, Jeb was merely a son of privilege with a profound sense of entitlement and shady business history—a typical record for the Bush crime family. Jebby distinguished himself by tipping the Florida vote, and thus the national election, to his brother George. Lost somewhere in the two-faced bluster about the rule of law was the fact that Jeb, in conjunction with then-Florida Secretary of State Katherine Harris, had purged 64,000 "felons" from voter rolls. The majority weren't felons at all; most were, however, black and Hispanic Democrats. Jeb also scrubbed the list clean of ex-offenders who'd already had their voting rights restored, despite two prior rulings from Florida courts expressly prohibiting him from doing so. This wholesale theft of Constitutional rights wiped out a chunk of potential voters who, no doubt, would have erased George's pube-thin lead many times over.

After the electoral melee, Jeb pledged to fix his state's voting process. As September 2002's Democratic primary proved, this promise was pure bullshit. Once again, monkeyshines abounded, polls opened late, machines malfunctioned and hundreds of voters were turned away. Rather than apologize for his broken vow, smarmy Jeb cracked, "What is it with Democrats having a hard time voting?"

But then Bush, a self-styled champion of "accountability," typically avoids responsibility as if it were an especially painful form of cancer. Florida's children have been particularly stung by Jeb's fecklessness. Elected on a platform of educational reform, Bush has presided over Florida's slide to 49th place in high-school graduation rates, a travesty that he interprets as an achievement "nothing short of amazing." Candidate Bush was also adamant about fixing Florida's Department of Children and Families (DCF), which, under his governance, has devolved to the point where it cannot account for 532 at-risk children under its care. Jeb fiddled while the kids went missing, calling DCF head Kathleen Kearney "the ideal choice to lead this department," even as she was resigning in disgrace.

Governor Numbnuts's choice to replace Kearney with Jerry Regier was, incredibly, even worse. Floridians were outraged to learn that Regier was credited with writing an article promoting "biblical" spankings that leave bruises and welts. Rather than admit that abused children shouldn't be entrusted to a psycho who *condones* beatings, Jeb attributed the outcry to a "soft bigotry that is emerging toward people of faith."

Discipline is decidedly lacking in the Bush home, judging by daughter Noelle, who was popped for three drug-related incidents in 2002. Instead of laying a "biblical" ass-kicking on his crackhead kid, Jeb urged "the public and the media to respect our family's privacy," whining, "the road to recovery is a rocky one for people who have this kind of problem."

That path is much bumpier for Floridians not named Bush, thanks to Jeb, who has opposed an initiative to send nonviolent drug offenders to treatment instead of jail, slashed budgets for drug-treatment programs and stiffened prison sentences for drug possession. Noelle, of course, was admitted to one of the treatment centers that Jeb seems to disdain; as usual, the flow of accountability stops short of the Bush-family cesspool.

Jeb's latest slip in his own shitpile occurred in October, at a meeting of GOP lawmakers. Vowing to sabotage a proposed amendment to limit Florida's class sizes, which is widely backed by the state's voters, Bush noted, "I have a couple of devious plans if this thing passes."

Unfortunately for Jeb, a reporter was present, and his contempt for the public will was again exposed. Jeb retorted that he was unaware of the journalist's presence, even though the reporter, who's covered Bush for nearly four years, greeted him before the meeting, while wearing her press badge.

Which is worse; that Jebby is too stupid to retain information for a few hours, or that he only feels free to detail his policy off the record?

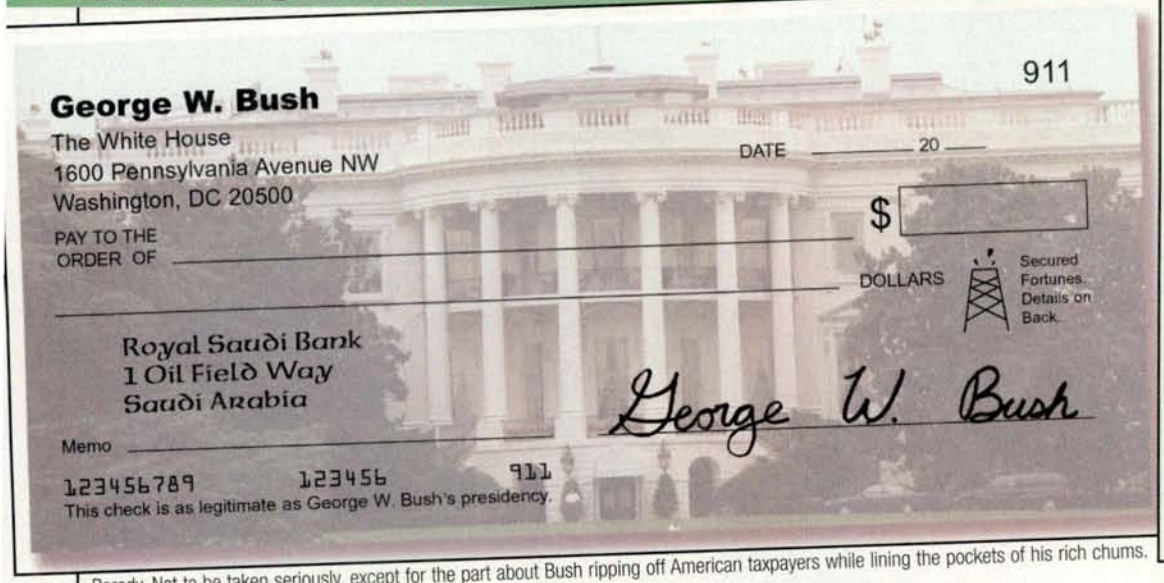
Either way you slice it, the stench that rises is that of a rank Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Erika Harold: As the newly crowned Miss America 2003, Harold has announced that she will use her position as the nation's official cocktease to promote sexual abstinence because, she claims, teen sexual activity is linked to youth violence. Harold's reasoning is laughable, but her status as a two-faced Asshole is undisputable.

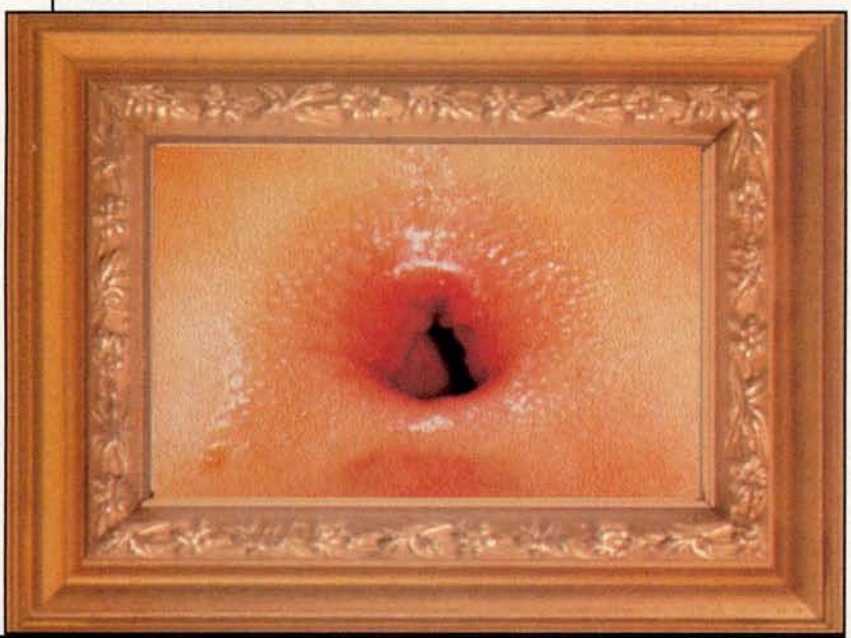
Bill Simon Jr.: In an effort to salvage his scandal-ridden campaign, California gubernatorial candidate Simon accused opponent Gray Davis of illegal fund-raising. Simon based the allegation on two photos that purported to capture Davis accepting a contribution in his office. *Whoops*; turns out the donation was given—legally—in a private home. Simon had, however, paid at least $444,000 to organizations associated with the group that provided him with the pictures and bogus claim, which may not be illegal but certainly bears the shit-stained mark of an Asshole.

PAYBACK TIME



Parody. Not to be taken seriously, except for the part about Bush ripping off American taxpayers while lining the pockets of his rich chums.

George W. Bush's tax plan was a feast for the richest 1% of taxpayers, while the working class was placated with table scraps. Since the president-select didn't even offer most of us a seat at the table, HUSTLER would like to make up for his gross accounting oversight. Take this blank check and fill in the amount you feel is appropriate. Be fair, though. Remember that Bush's buddies received a tax cut of about $46,000 compared to the $200-400 everyone else received; so be equitable, not greedy.



PICASSHOLE

Oh, sweet Christ! Those perverts at **HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE** (HEVG) must have the urge to play Skee-Ball or something. Thumb through our sister publication (or, as we say in the 'hood, "sista pub"), and every month you too will discover bodies that run deeper than the Marianas Trench in the tasteful **Gape Gallery**. The art world wishes its critics were this passionate: "Note the interesting use of color. See how the artist has used the rosy pink of the anus to symbolize femininity and the first blush of lost innocence to lure us down into the inky blackness and primal savagery of impending anal assault. Brilliant! Is it art? Could it be anything else?"

HUMOR HUNTING

Through www.laughlab.co.uk, British psychology professor **Dr. Richard Wiseman** has calculated the following to be the world's funniest joke:

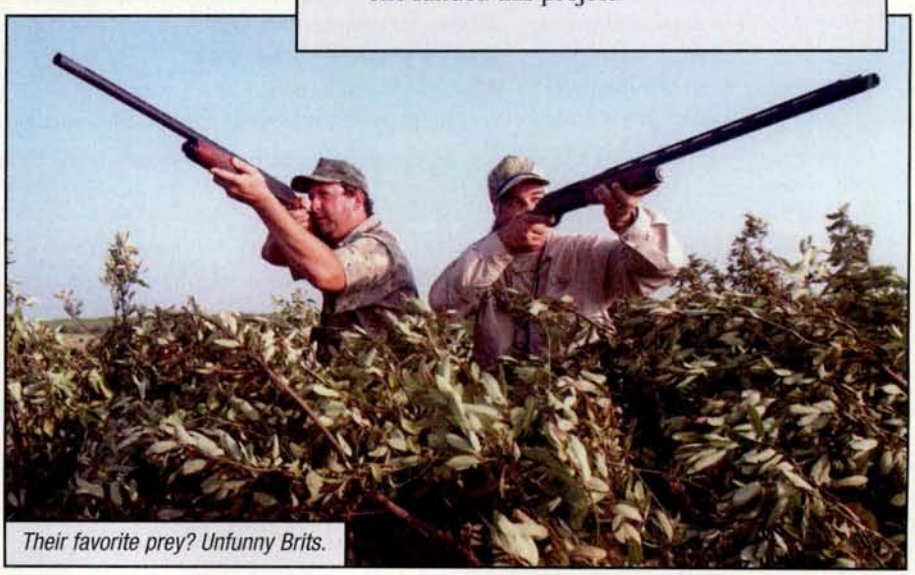
"A couple of New Jersey hunters are out in the woods when one of them falls to the ground. He doesn't seem to be breathing, and his eyes are rolled back in his head.

"The other guy whips out his cell phone and calls emergency services. He gasps to the operator: 'My friend is dead! What can I do?'

"The operator, in a calm, soothing voice, says: 'Just take it easy. I can help. First, let's make sure he's dead.'

"There is a silence, then a shot is heard. The guy's voice comes back on the line. He says, 'OK, now what?'"

Of course, the biggest joke is that someone funded this project.



Their favorite prey? Unfunny Brits.

NEWSBITES

Prisoners in California have been banned from receiving HUSTLER and other sex magazines due to female prison guards' complaints about a rise in inappropriate male-prisoner conduct. Presumably, they're hoping for a return to more traditional forms of penitentiary sexual release, such as shower rape.

Reuters reports that **Snow White** may have given AIDS to some little people. This fractured fairy tale will not have a happy ending: Apparently, "Snow White" is a 32-year-old, HIV-positive Italian prostitute. The Grimm nickname was given to the hooker by her clients—boys as young as 12.

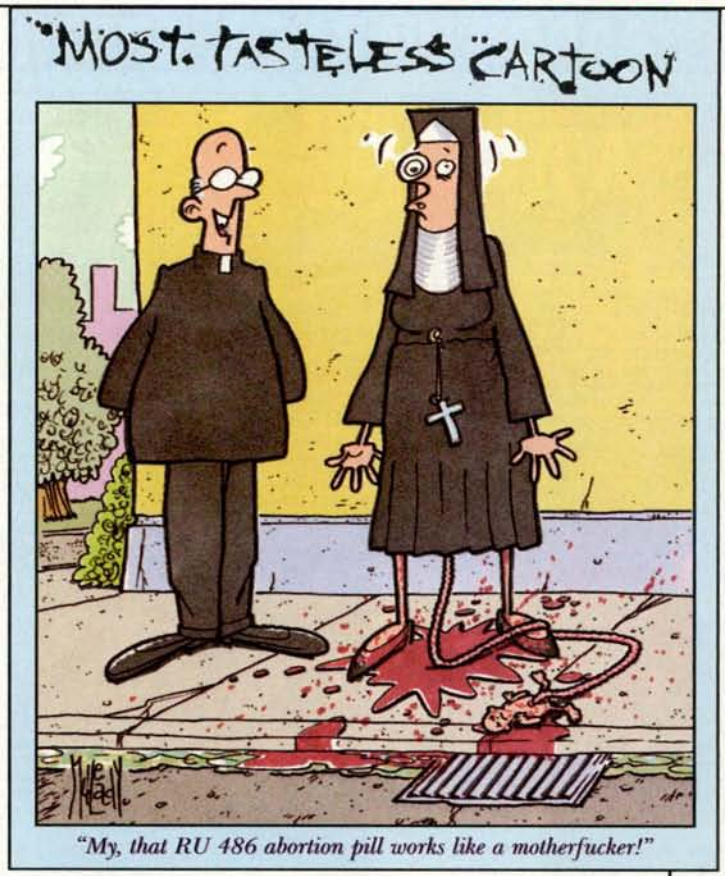
Days after his wife discovered him viewing Internet porn, **Lt. Col. David Bartlett Jr.** of Annapolis, Maryland, beat her with a pestle, strangled her to death with the cord of his computer, dumped her body in a creek, and then falsely reported to police that she never came home from a walk. Are they sure this guy wasn't a Taliban spy?

On a related note, a federal appeals court has upheld a law banning the sale or rental of sexually explicit material, such as HUSTLER, on military bases. **Judge Michael Daly Hawkins** wrote, "The act seeks to restrict the sale of materials at odds with the military's image of honor, professionalism and proper decorum." HUSTLER imagines that troops overseas celebrated the ruling by visiting local prostitutes, while soldiers here in the States purchased the censored smut off base.

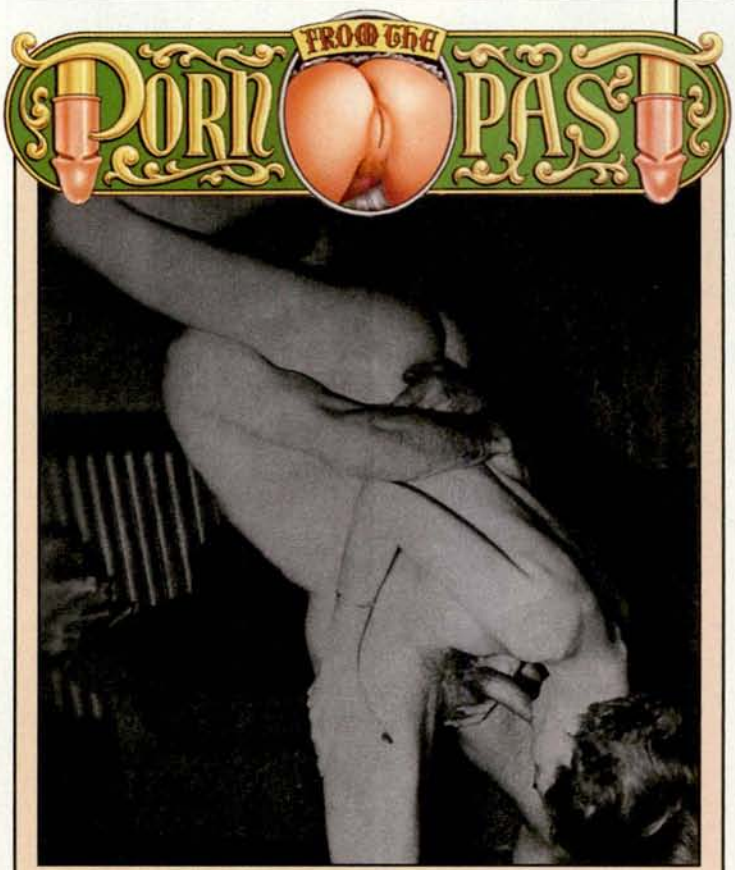
Bringing a new understanding to family values is former Waterbury, Connecticut, **Mayor Philip Giordano**. A convicted prostitute pleaded guilty to arranging sexual encounters between the former Republican Senate candidate and her own daughter, age 9, and young niece, 11. Giordano could face life in prison, where he will be treated like a little girl.

Well, shizzle my nizzle! The official explanation for **Snoop Dogg** being edited out of *A Very Muppet Christmas Movie* was time constraints, but eonline.com reports that "according to the *Los Angeles Times*, it wasn't that simple. (**Jim Henson Company**) 'insiders' say execs had extra incentive to cut the Snoop footage when they realized he's in another title due out this fall: *Diary of a Pimp*, brought to you by your friends at HUSTLER."

Unaware that a reporter was attending a meeting of GOP lawmakers, **Florida Governor Jeb Bush**—the other fortunate son—said he had "some juicy details" concerning the sexual orientation of a missing Miami girl's two female caregivers. The father of noted crackhead Noelle Bush labeled one woman "the wife," the other woman as "the husband," then quipped, "Bet you don't get that in Pensacola." Is it ironic or appropriate that a homophobe is named "Bush"?



"My, that RU 486 abortion pill works like a motherfucker!"

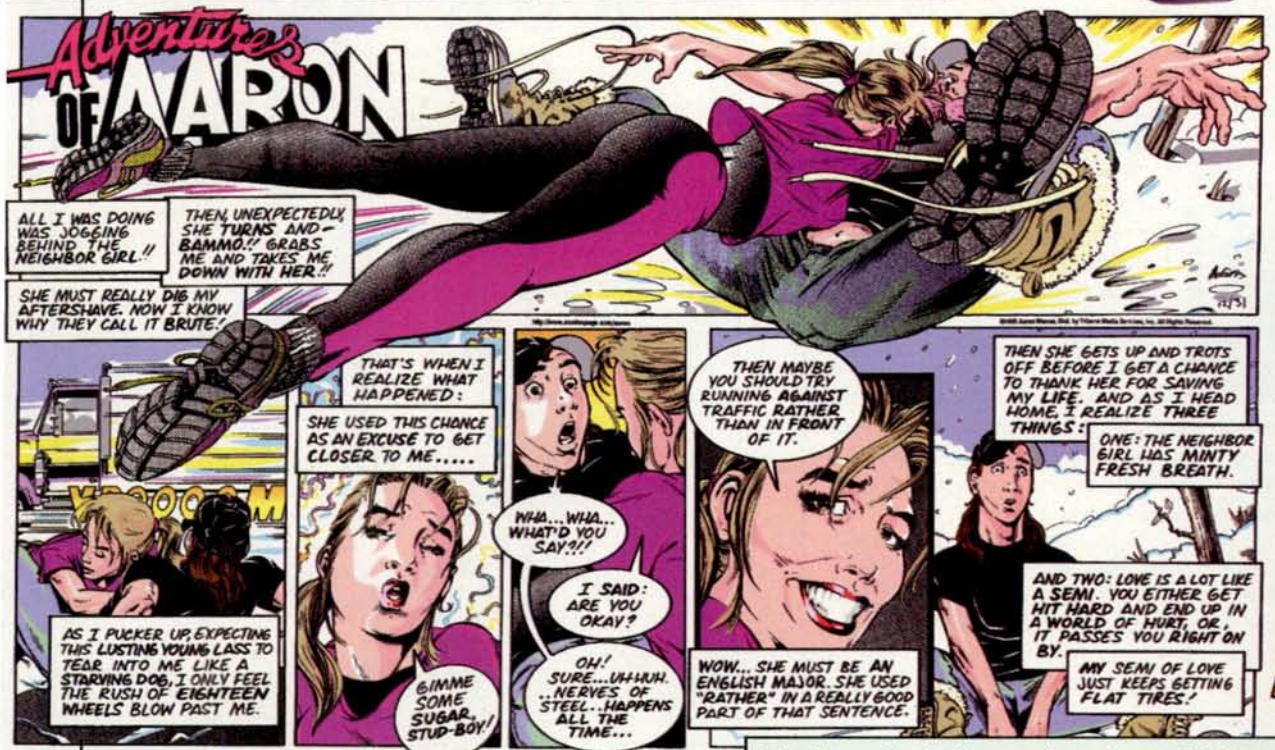


MR. YIN, MEET MISS YANG.

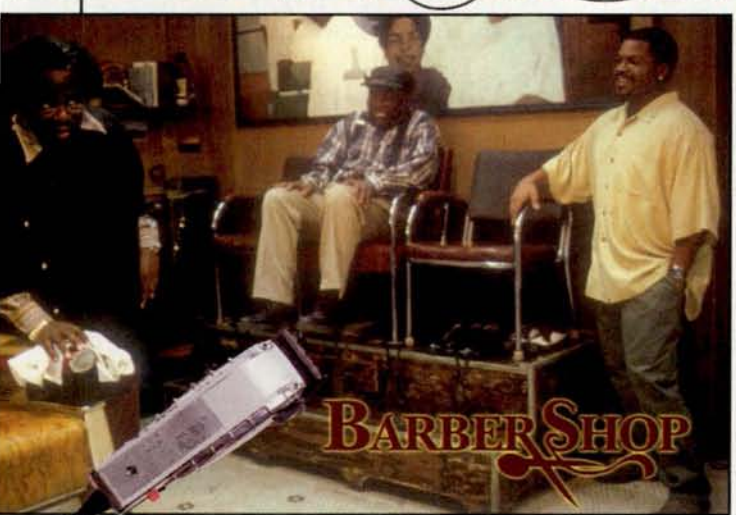
For this amendment to the Kama Sutra, D. H. of Libertyville, Illinois, receives $150. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

Blatant

AARON WARNER, BROTHER!


Adventures OF AARON
ALL I WAS DOING WAS JOGGING BEHIND THE NEIGHBOR GIRL!!
THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY, SHE TURNS AND— BAMMO!! GRABS ME AND TAKES ME DOWN WITH HER!!
SHE MUST REALLY DIG MY AFTERSHAVE. NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL IT BRUTE.
AS I PUCKER UP, EXPECTING THIS LUSTING YOUNG LASS TO TEAR INTO ME LIKE A STARVING DOG, I ONLY FEEL THE RUSH OF EIGHTEEN WHEELS BLOW PAST ME.
THAT'S WHEN I REALIZE WHAT HAPPENED:
SHE USED THIS CHANCE AS AN EXCUSE TO GET CLOSER TO ME.....
GIMME SOME SUGAR, STUD-BOY!
WHA...WHA... WHAT'D YOU SAY?!!
I SAID: ARE YOU OKAY?
OH! SURE...UH-HUH. ..NERVES OF STEEL..HAPPENS ALL THE TIME...
THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY RUNNING AGAINST TRAFFIC RATHER THAN IN FRONT OF IT.
WOW... SHE MUST BE AN ENGLISH MAJOR. SHE USED "RATHER" IN A REALLY GOOD PART OF THAT SENTENCE.
THEN SHE GETS UP AND TROTS OFF BEFORE I GET A CHANCE TO THANK HER FOR SAVING MY LIFE. AND AS I HEAD HOME, I REALIZE THREE THINGS:
ONE: THE NEIGHBOR GIRL HAS MINTY FRESH BREATH.
AND TWO: LOVE IS A LOT LIKE A SEMI. YOU EITHER GET HIT HARD AND END UP IN A WORLD OF HURT, OR, IT PASSES YOU RIGHT ON BY.
MY SEMI OF LOVE JUST KEEPS GETTING FLAT TIRES!
I GAVE UP JOGGING THE DAY I REALIZED HOW TIRED IT MADE ME.
THEN I FELT GUILTY WHEN I SAW OTHER PEOPLE EXERCISING SO I MADE UP MORE EXCUSES WHY I SHOULDN'T JOG...
REASONS WHY YOU SHOULDN'T JOG:
1. YOU COULD GET HIT BY A BUS.
2. A BUS COULD HIT YOU.
3. YOU GET SO CAUGHT UP IN WATCHING TRAFFIC THAT YOU COMPLETELY FORGET ABOUT BEAR TRAPS.
4. MORE PEOPLE DIE FROM JOGGING THAN FROM JUST SITTING IN A CHAIR WATCHING T.V.
5. OTHER VEHICLES BESIDES BUSES COULD HIT YOU.
6. YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE LAZY PEOPLE FEEL GUILTY.
7. YOU COULD GET SHOT BY LAZY PEOPLE WHO FEEL GUILTY.

It's always intriguing to view the world through someone else's dementia, but it's especially worthwhile when they can draw like Aaron Warner. **Adventures of Aaron** makes for a humorous and entertaining read about one man's struggle to get laid and wash his socks. Warner has all of the skills to make his mark in the funny pages, and the folks at www.sundaycomicsonline.com (where the strip can be seen) know he's the next big thing—which is exactly why next month, in these very pages, Warner will premiere a new strip exclusively for HUSTLER.



In an unusual appeal toward censorship, **Jesse Jackson** wants to make sure that when the hit movie *Barbershop* is released on video it won't be the same film that appeared in theaters—partly, anyway. A black character in the film makes jokes about civil-rights leaders **Martin Luther King Jr.**, and **Rosa Parks**, as well as the **NAACP** and the Rev. Jackson himself. Jackson wanted the producers to apologize, which they did, but also appealed to have the scenes cut from future releases.

HUSTLER suggests the producers involve Jackson in the sequel. We've even included a sample scene:

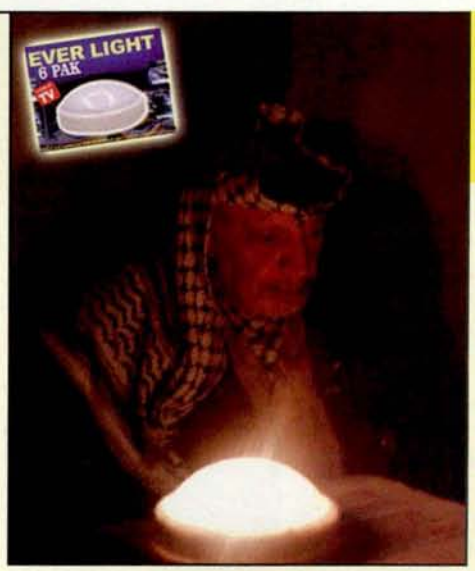
INT. BARBERSHOP - NIGHT

Jesse Jackson walks into the empty barbershop, where he is confronted by the ghost of Martin Luther King Jr.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.:

What the fuck is wrong with you?

End scene.



BURNED OUT?

Yasser Arafat. Former public enemy number one. Palestinian president. Spokesmodel? If this Associated Press photo is any indication, Yasser missed his calling. Imagine him saying, "With the electricity bombed out of my compound, I turned not to my people, not to my god, but to a product I saw advertised on Palestinian Authority TV. I simply tapped on the dome of my Ever Light, and everything but the path to common ground was illuminated. Now I don't go anywhere without an Ever Light in my pocket and an Israeli soldier on my back! Mankind has come so far!"

WEB SITE OF THE MONTH

MASTURBATEFORPEACE.COM

In these days of ever-escalating global strife, one has to ask, "What can I do?" You can whack it, my friend. At least, that's the tenet proposed by the clever www.MasturbateForPeace.com. The site reads, "You can't love others without loving yourself first. And, of course, masturbation is the greatest expression of self-love. So it's natural that we, the citizens of the world, are joining together to masturbate for peace." When they're not strangling their puds for a saner tomorrow, altruistic jerkoffs from around the globe contribute to the site with declarations ("Every stiffened sheet will flutter like peace flags on my washing line," one states), poetry and bumper stickers (pictured here). Release the doves!

HUSTLER RECOMMENDS IT!

This Month: ***Battle Royale***

What It Is: An ultraviolent Japanese film featuring armed Asian chicks in schoolgirl uniforms.

What It's About: Killing, mostly. In a collapsing Japan filled with violent youth, the government passes a law that allows the military to kidnap one class of students a year, drop them on an island, arm them and then compel the students to kill each other until only one remains standing. It's go time.

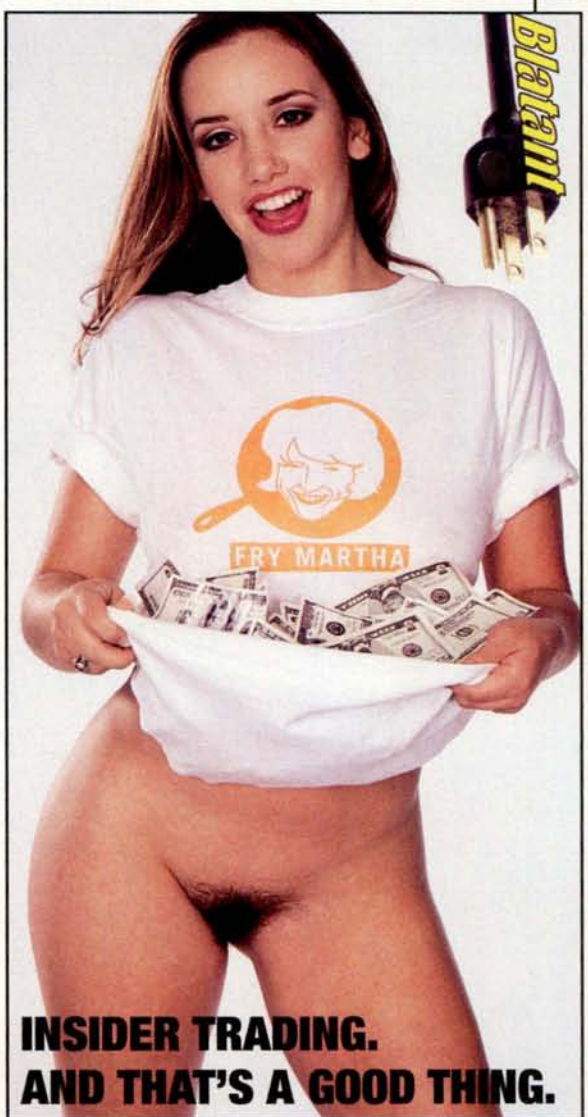
Why We Care: Tired of lame Hollywood-churned movies too timid to push the envelope? *Battle Royale* will cure that lament. As entertaining as it is violent, this gem of anarchy is also a commentary on the extent to which conservatism can go. And did we mention Asian chicks with guns?

Buzz: A controversial film even by crazy-ass Japanese standards, it nonetheless became a blockbuster, and it's doubtful an American version will/could ever be made. Also, the popular and engaging actor "Beat" Takeshi brings dark humor and pathos to the role of the doomed students' teacher.

Downside: Some people don't like reading subtitles. Some people don't like a lot of things.

Bottom Line: Bold, violent and vastly entertaining.

The Tartan Video release of Battle Royale can be found on DVD at www.amazon.co.uk.

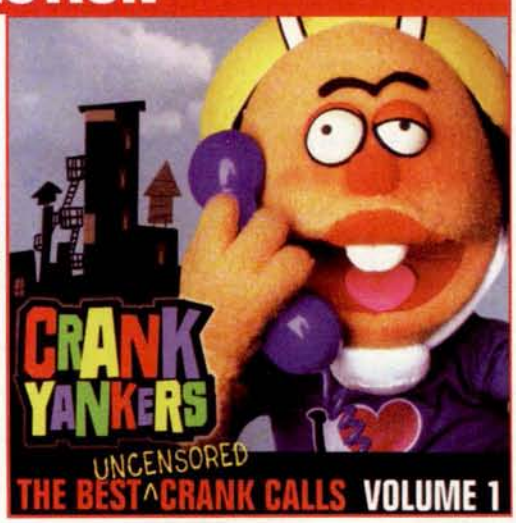


INSIDER TRADING. AND THAT'S A GOOD THING.

Our friends at www.FryMartha.com dedicate their **Martha Stewart**-skewering endeavor to "all those who have faith in a fair and just universe where what goes around the lazy Susan, comes around." They audaciously proclaim, "Part homage, part fashion statement, part battle cry for every American who's felt the sting of corporate greed, these shirts are intended to inspire and entertain. That, and make us a few bucks." The shirts are available in black or white, with orange Fry Martha logo. HUSTLER Honey not included. For amusement purposes only; sense of justice may not be sated.

CRANK INJECTION

Comedy Central's *Crank Yankers* features puppet performances of pre-recorded crank phone calls. Produced by the mooks running *The Man Show*, *Yankers* features the voices of **Denis Leary** and **Dave Chappelle**, among others. If puppets scare you—and these puppets might—the best calls can be heard, uncensored, on CD (pictured), available at record stores or www.comedy-central.com.



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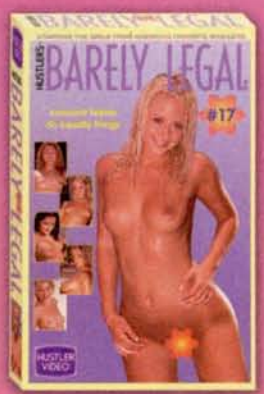

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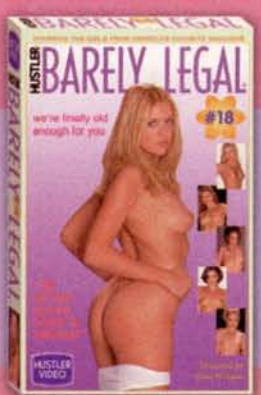

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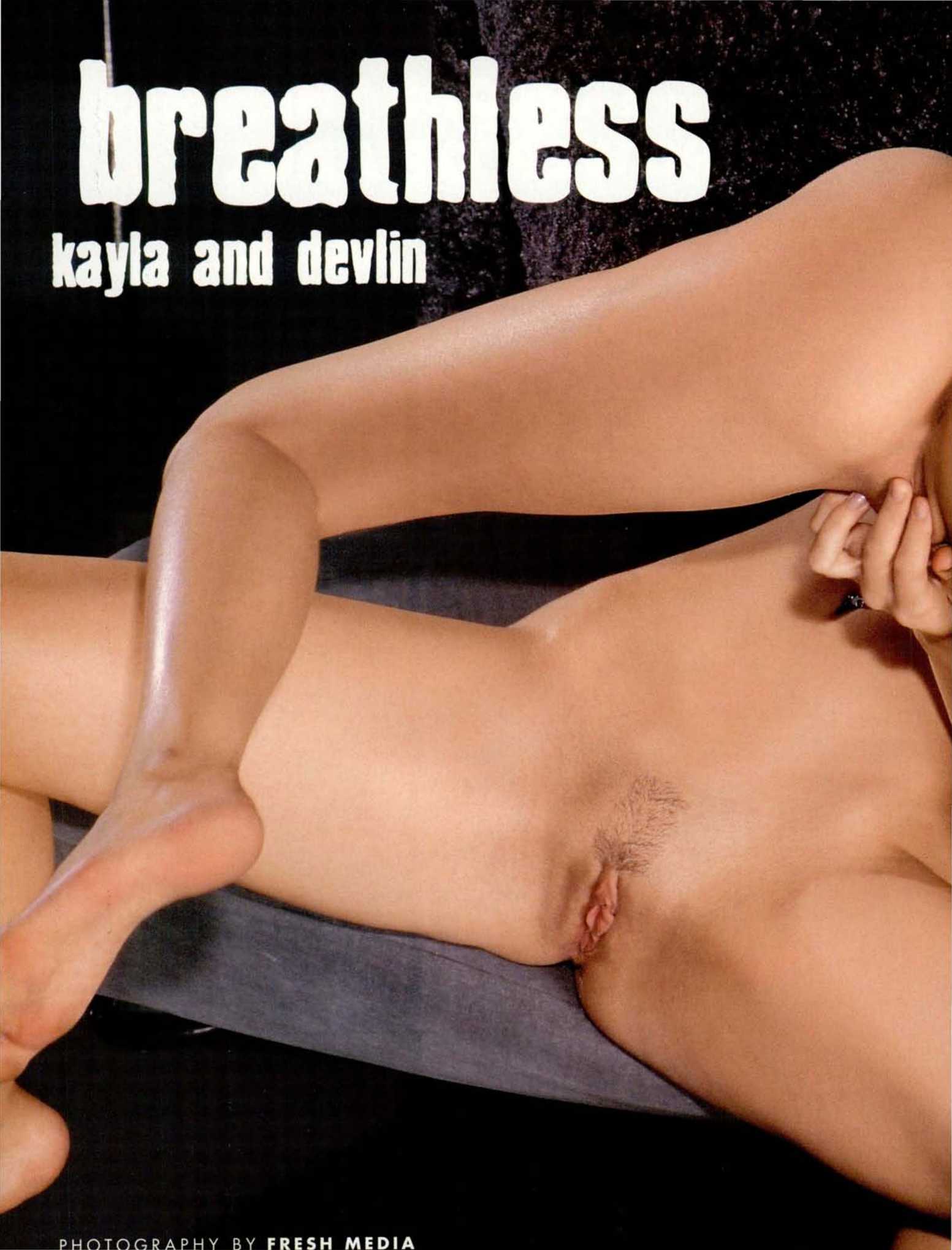
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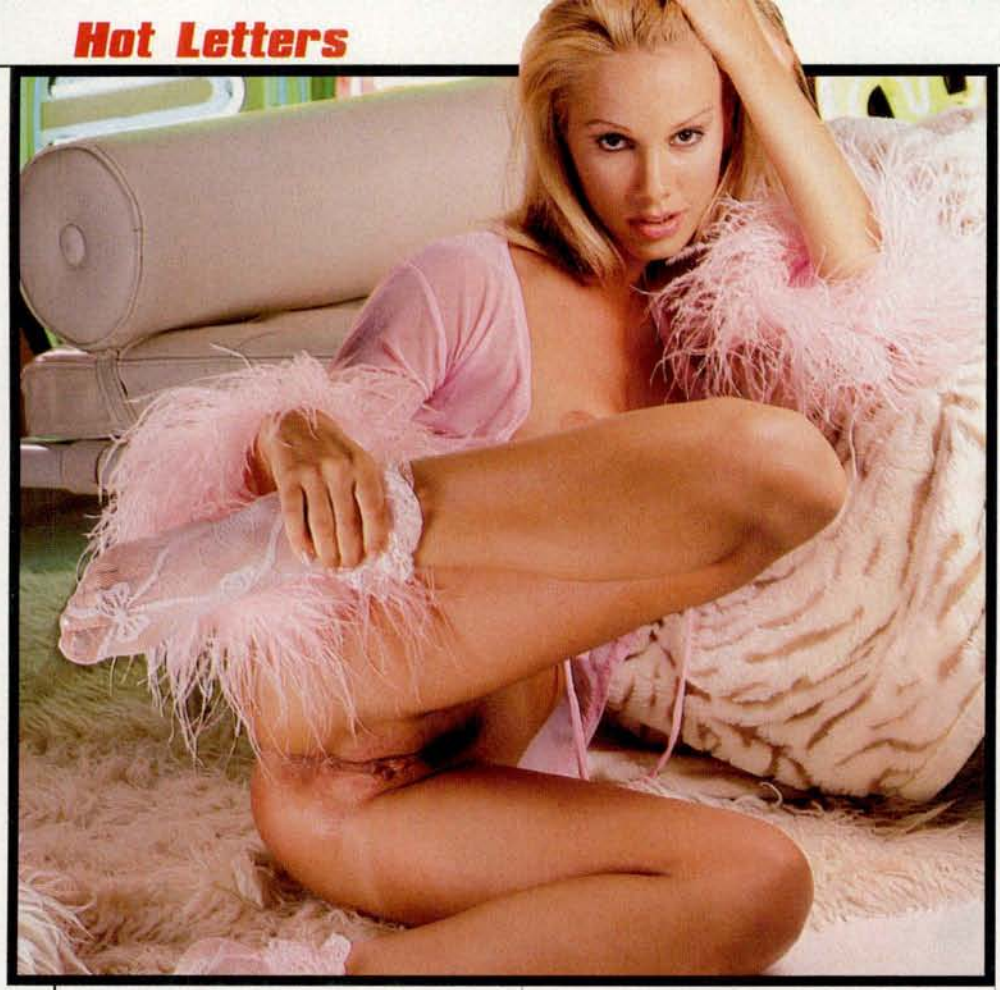

Connubial Blitz

I'm the sexy one in my marriage, a busty, blue-eyed blonde who's 35 but looks ten years younger. I suppose Derek married me for my looks, or the way my rosebud mouth squeezes around the tip of his cock. Generally, we're compatible, but I'm tired of my husband's friends coming over every year for the Super Bowl. Derek's a computer network administrator, but the way he and his buddies holler over the game you'd think they grew up as the kids who handed out swirlies in the high school locker room instead of the ones who ended up with their heads in the toilets.

This January, I don't want to play hostess to a band of dorky chimpanzees; so I recently planned to bang Derek's lights out and, while he was in a post-coital haze, elicit a ban on football parties.

Wednesdays are hardly ever fuck days in our house. But as soon as I came home, I jumped in the shower and, hoping to guarantee the success of my scheme, shaved my cunt bald for the first time since I'd met Derek.

As I stepped from the tub enclosure, the air felt strange on my normally furred crotch. Toweling off, I gulped when I rubbed my tender, newly exposed pussy.

For a moment, I considered jilling off. I even bent over and experimentally backed my sex lips against the corner of the vanity. But I was a woman on a mission; I had to keep my twat fresh for Derek. As soon as I felt my juices building, I left the bathroom and put on a sheer, white G-string and a see-through baby-doll, and laid myself across our bed just as my husband opened the front door.

"In here!" I called out.

Derek stuck his head in the bedroom and smiled when I splayed my legs, exposing the small, translucent triangle of fabric that barely hid my bald hole. He joined me and pulled the already damp panties to one side.

My husband's finger slid into my syrupy, hairless cunt with a *squoosh*. I whimpered in ecstasy as my pussy muscles relaxed to accommodate his exam.

"You smell nice," Derek said with a lascivious growl that told me he wasn't talking about my shampoo. I closed my legs around his hand and humped his paw, smearing my juice onto my inner thighs and dribbling it between his fingers. My lesser half's thumb felt around my mound, looking for any vestige of the unruly, straw-colored bramble he'd seen around my cooter that morning.

Grinning from ear to ear, Derek tore the G-string from my crack and fondled the bare flesh of my cleft. I'd never seen my straightforward husband so fascinated with my cooze. Using both hands, he mashed the lips together and spread them apart, studying the viscous fluid that oozed out onto our duvet.

"*Wow*," Professor Einstein concluded. "You don't have any pussy hair." He dipped his forefinger back into my moist sugar pit, then plopped the digit into his mouth and licked it clean. "Like the porno girls."

I was surprised at his newfound gentleness; our sexual routine usually included some twat-wrangling that was about as erotic as ringing a doorbell.

Still clothed, Derek lapped at my fuck hole like a starved man. His tongue slathered spit into my weeping gulch, bringing me to a thunderous orgasm in under a minute. *Who is this guy?* I silently pondered as my snatch clamped around his flailing tongue.

My husband pulled his shirt and pants off, pitching a bigger tent than I'd ever seen on him. Caressing my cheek sweetly, he pulled my face toward the prominent bulge in his boxers.

I knelt on the floor and sucked him like the pros he fantasized about, lapping the big vein on the underside of his schlong before taking every inch into my mouth. Grabbing my ears, Derek reverently stabbed his wand into the back of my throat till I gagged, then pounded into my face till my nose felt raw.

My aroused hubby helped me up, pushed me back onto the bed and, placing one of my legs on his shoulder, thrust his prick into me deeply and powerfully. I yelped involuntarily and grabbed my big jugs under the fabric of my fuck outfit. Derek slammed his bone into the furthest recesses of my twat about a dozen times, enough to make me practically faint with pleasure.

Gripping the butt cheek of my raised leg, he wrenched it as he banged me hard, shaking a nerve near my sphincters. Derek's little finger wriggled into my asshole. I came a second time, just as the love of my life spurted semen inside me, then on my belly, tits and face. I gratefully licked up all the seed that I could reach.

It was the pinky up my ass that did it. Derek had never *(continued on page 43)*

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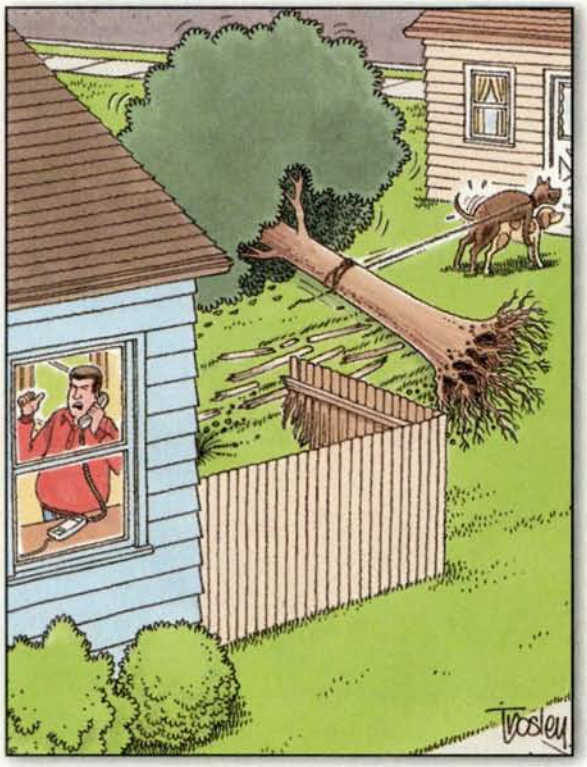
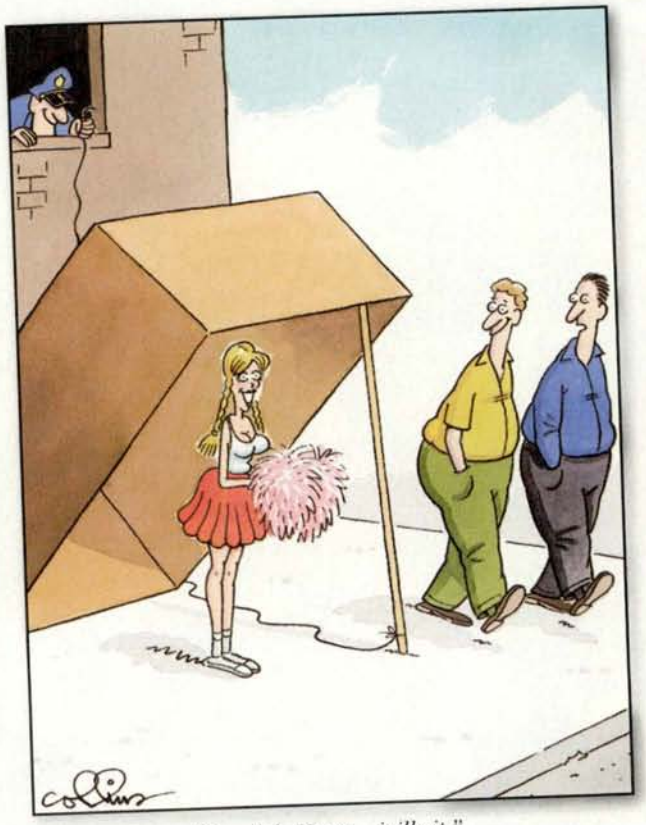


"That's impossible! I've got him locked in my backyard and chained to a tree!"

"We don't believe in that feminist shit, do we, Marge?"



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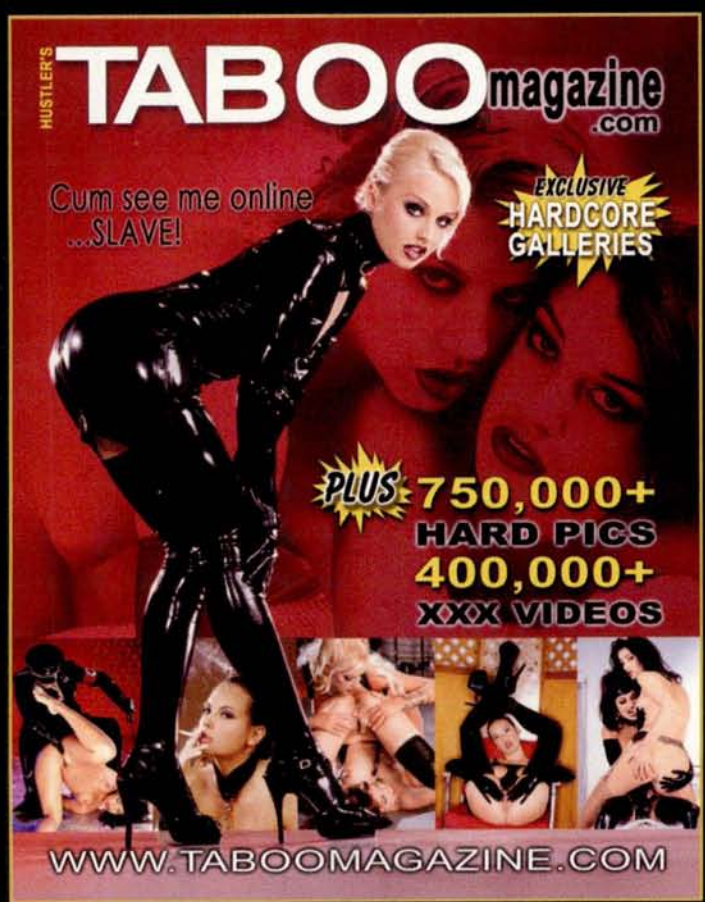
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY **MATTI KLATT**

Desert
Fox

Dear Diary:
I need someone to play with. There's not much to do in the middle of nowhere—except fantasize about big, fat pricks plowing my trench. When you spend this much time thinking about hot, sweet sex, you start to get creative. I want to experiment so badly. I've never been with two guys. Or a girl. Or a rodeo clown. Oh, well; looks like I'll be stuck daydreaming until a real man comes along.

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"Grabbing my ears, Derek stabbed his wand into the back of my throat till I gagged, then pounded into my face."

(continued from page 30) deigned to plug my turd hatch before, believe it or not. Professional nerds like him love anal porn, but in real life they're squeamish about touching assholes.

I hadn't expected my head to flop back on my neck, and thousands of volts of animal passion to fry my brain, but that's what happened. The tsunami-grade orgasm left me too numb and dazed to speak, much less sneak a promise out of him. Come Super Bowl Sunday, I plan to be out of the house. —J. J.

Atlanta, Georgia

My So-Called Wife

I'm a socially prominent dyke, a schoolteacher in a rich, white private school that cherishes diversity—especially in people like me, who dress normal and stay in line.

My partner, Cherie, works for the Zoning Commissioner and is the most feminine woman I've ever slapped clams with. Still, it's difficult being the community's same-sex poster children when we're both fucking an 18-year-old male senior on the side.

As much as Cherie and I love each other, we can't seem to give up dick, and Josh is just right for plundering my ass while I lick my S. O.'s slice. Last week, though, our kinky taste for threeways bought my missus some trouble.

Josh came by around ten, when his shift at a local restaurant ended. He brought the latest HUSTLER along. (Our boy toy has purchased every issue since he reached adulthood. I love your magazine too, but frankly, I can't be seen buying porn.)

It was the issue with the Tera Patrick bonus magazine, which made us all incredibly horny. But what entertained us the most was Cherie's resemblance to one of your models, Nonotchka.

At first we laughed; then, when our young stud pulled down Cherie's skirt and panties to compare her neatly shorn pussy to the landing strip of brown hairs above Nonotchka's hot-pink gash, things turned serious.

Josh's grease-stained, polyester uniform pants bulged outward, and he nipped at the stray curlies at the edge of my lover's labia.

"*Ooh*!" Cherie squeaked, as female ooze moistened the folds of her succulent womanhood. "Josh, *I love you*!"

Our playmate, despite his relatively few years, has enough sense to know when propriety's been breached. He backed away, and let me dab my index finger into my sweetheart's wet cunt.

"*What* did you say?" I teased.

"Jillian, I'm sorry," Cherie gasped, as I added another finger and shoved hard into her hole, causing her to back up a step and fall onto the sofa.

I was upon her, worming my digits into her snatch again and going deeper for emphasis.

"Who do you love?" I blustered.

"You."

"Then you owe me," I countered, as my partner closed her eyes and moaned. I slipped a third finger into her stretched poon and twisted my wrist. Cherie bit her lower lip and grabbed the pillow beneath her taut ass cheeks.

"*I'm* going to fuck Josh," I announced. "And for selling out a sister, *you're* going to lick his ass."

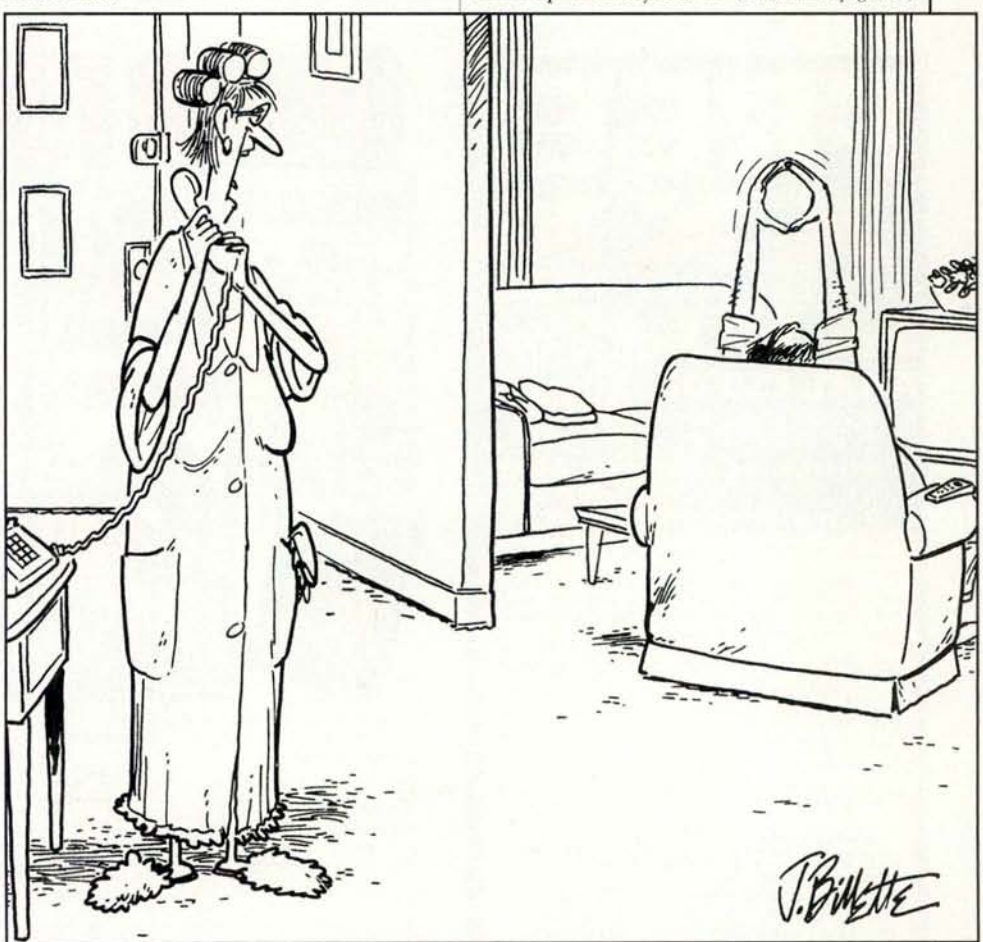
Josh was about to bust his zipper. I took my hand from the perfidious bitch's hole and brushed the young man's cheek. "Take your time," I cooed.

The young stud snuffled my lover's cunt smell from my fingers. Snorting like a bloodhound, he undressed me with rough, clumsy movements.

Under my proper teacher's dress, I wore a neon-pink thong, which I momentarily feared Josh would choke on as the oversexed teen knocked me to the floor and maniacally tried to remove the undies with his teeth.

I'm only in my twenties, and nicely put together—a tall, slender blonde with a decent pair of chest orbs. Being spread-eagled on my living-room carpet, I must have looked really good, judging by the delirious expression on Josh's face as he mounted me. At his direction, I spit into the young man's cupped hand and watched him smear the loogie over my pubic mound.

He looked so knowing as he lubed us both up with my saliva (continued on page 110)



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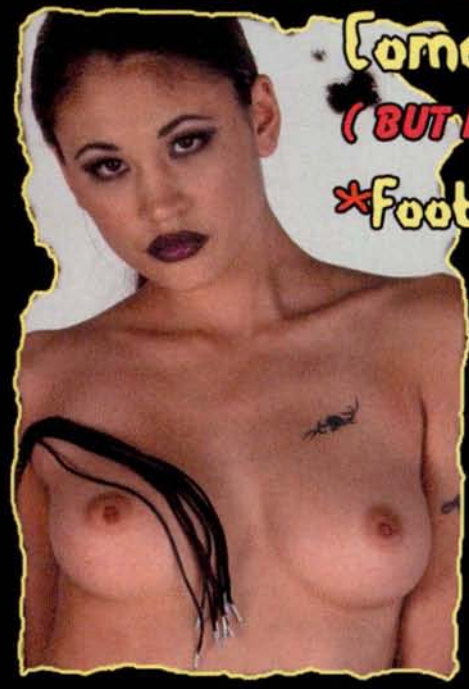

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EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Gus Mastrapa**

Mondo Porno: *"Conjugal visits rock!"*

Mondo Porno: *Mia and Joel run through their lines.*

Mondo Porno: *"With friends like these, who needs a bidet?"*

Mondo Porno: *Chloe: "Wow; every time I blow, his afro grows!"*

Mondo Porno

Directed by Antonio Passolini.
Starring Tawny Roberts, Nikita Denise, Nina Ferrari, Ruby, Chloe, Mia Smiles, Mercedes Ashley, Tina Tyler, Jay Ashley, Guy DiSilva, Tice Bune, Chris Cannon, Kyle Stone, Steve Hatcher, Pat Myne, Joel Lawrence and Ron Jeremy.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

Mondo Porno attempts to skewer the unabashed butt-kissing and hubris displayed on James Lipton's *Inside the Actors Studio*, but falls flat in the satire department. Fortunately, director Antonio Passolini succeeds in taking below-the-belt stabs at primo porn gash and salvages the otherwise unfunny picture. Joel Lawrence, dressed in '70s garb, jabs Chloe's slit, triggering one of the starlet's patented orgasmic freakouts. Ruby's astonished facial expression as Chris Cannon pokes her pooper is also priceless. The ever-stalkable Nikita Denise opens her crack wide for a lube-heavy double penetration from Pat Myne and Tice Bune. Afterward, the sultry tramp eagerly opens her gob and catches two messy loads with nary a flinch. *Mondo Porno* is great smut despite its worst efforts.

—Nicholas Veridian

Fruity

QUEER TRENDS IN STRAIGHT PORN

At first glance, the average hard-core tape appears fiercely heterosexual, but a swishy undercurrent lurks beneath the surface of much pornography. *Erotic Entertainment* turns the harsh light of pseudo-journalism on porn and outs the gayer side of smut.

>>Stray Cum: Facials are great, right? Not to the bottom dick in a double penetration. No self-respecting dude should want to be anywhere near a set of balls that are about to blow, unless those nads are his own.

>>Bukkakes and Gang-bangs: Common knowledge dictates that it takes several penises to properly work over or humiliate a woman. Common decency dictates a thorough revulsion for the resultant penile/seminal overload.

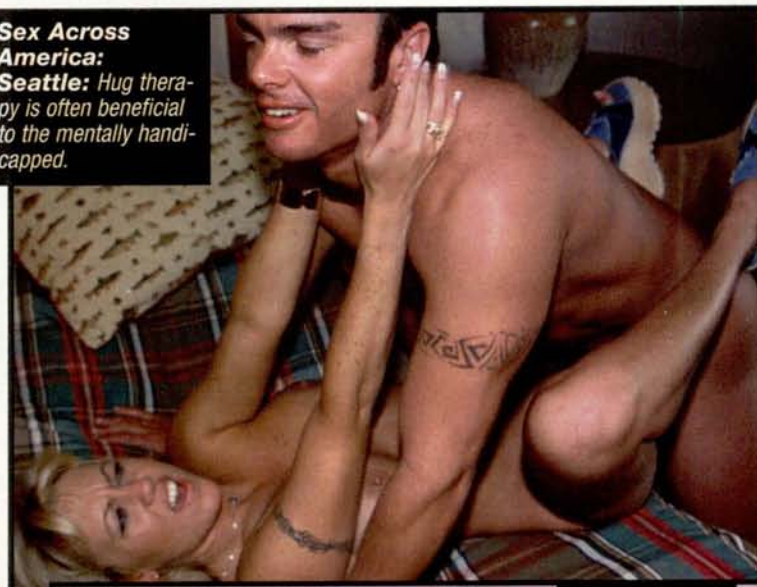
>>Two Dicks in One Hole: When a dick touches another dick, that's gay. 'Nuff said.

>>The Orgasm Reaction Shot: There's nothing worse when you're about to jettison your wad than the dreaded cutaway to the swordsman's "O" face. Porn editors, save that crap for the cable version.

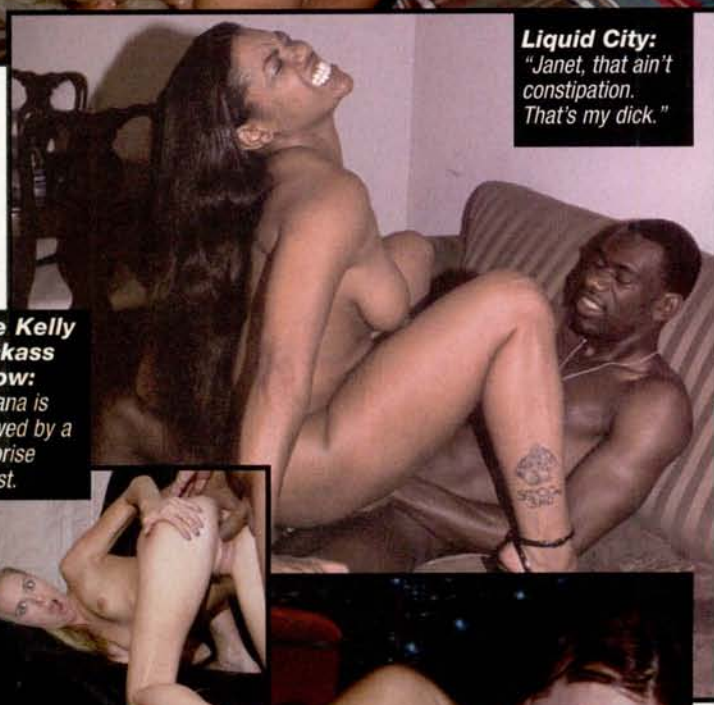
>>Man Ass: Cunning cameramen crop out the vile crack whenever possible, but when the flick revolves around rimming or, God forbid, penetrating a masculine pooper, the results are fagtastic.

>>Sloppy Seconds: It takes a special kind of whore to catch a slimy load on her face, smear it around with the spent cock, then beg for another rod. It only requires an everyday homo to dip his stick into that same jizzy mess.

>>Dude-Driven Porn: Series starring male performers such as Rocco Siffredi are wildly popular. Even *Erotic Entertainment* has granted Lexington Steele's vehicles the coveted Fully Erect rating on several occasions. Could it be that we're a little fruity too? We'll get back to you after *Dr. Phil* is over.



Sex Across America: Seattle: *Hug therapy is often beneficial to the mentally handicapped.*



Liquid City: *"Janet, that ain't constipation. That's my dick."*

The Kelly Kickass Show: *Juliana is wowed by a surprise guest.*

The Kelly Kickass Show: *Felix Vicious takes the stage.*

Sex Across America: Seattle: *Jasmine: "This cunnilingus is almost as good as the new Nirvana song."*

Girlvert: *"Color coordination is key to proper ass ravaging."*

Sex Across America: Seattle

Directed by Luc Wylder.
Starring Alexandra Silk, Scarlet Begonia, Jenny Lynn, Jasmine Klein, Chenin Blanc, Cheyne Collins, Bud Nolan, Buddy Blueberry, Paul Sylvester, Rick Masters and Butch Vaughn.
Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions.

Sex Across America: Seattle presents a compelling case for the notion that hell is being stuck on a road trip with porn stars. In their hotel room, hyperactive sluts Alexandra Silk, Chenin Blanc and Jasmine Klein whip out a massive purple dildo and engage in a squealing sapphic romp. That threesome could have been a fine example of sleaze, but frequent shots of Rick Masters and Cheyne Collins standing naked and beating off as they watch the girls kill the moment. At one point, Collins looks into the camera and blurts, "I wish I was that dildo." Don't worry, Cheyne; anyone who sees this tape will always think of you as one. Most of the sex takes place in nondescript Seattle hotel rooms, although some barflies in wool caps get to watch the crew fuck in a deserted pool hall. Smart perverts should steer clear of *Sex Across America: Seattle*.

—Clive Thurstwood

Girlvert

Directed by Jim Powers.
Starring Keegan Skky, Alice, Gabriella Banks, Sin-Nye, Mark Cummings, Pat Myne, Chris Charming, Mr. Pete and Rick Masters.
Videocassette: JM Productions.

From her punk-rock looks, it's easy to tell that Keegan Skky is a genuine *Girlvert*. The scrawny wastrel, decked out in combat boots, black fishnets and a plaid skirt, roams the streets of Hollywood, looking for cunts to torment. Keegan lures the gullible skanks into her lair, then works them over with the help of her mook buddies. Skky and friends belittle a homeless skag, stuffing their cocks (and strap-ons) into her slack-jawed gob. The cast play-acts nihilism much like the cast of *Gummo*—they holler, look toward the camera a lot, and treat the poor chick the way their daddies treated them. Fans of aggressive hard-core will enjoy the flick's gag-on-it mentality. Even Keegan sputters and coughs when she downs a dick; when it's finally Skky's turn to take some punishment, she gets as good as she gives. Pat Myne bangs her ass, then squeezes nut balm into her hungry mouth. *Girlvert* is perverted, but not overly hot.

—N. V.

Liquid City

Directed by D. Sparky.
Starring Chaos, Ayanna Angel, Janet Jacme, Illusion, Kiwi, Sky, Chloe Black, Lexington Steele, John E. Depth, Wesley Pipes and Mystikal.
Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Liquid City starts strong, with Janet Jacme administering a fierce blowjob to John E. Depth's giant wand. The starlet puts so much effort into wedging the gargantuan meat slab down her throat that her free-flowing tears and runny mascara make her look like she's bleeding from the eyes. Jacme then mounts Depth's pole and fucks him within an inch of his life. Unfortunately, the video then switches locations to a club, where rappers Mystikal and Chaos perform. Badly miked, it's impossible to adequately hear either the music or the moans of ho's being fucked in various corners of the room. The lousy location even prevents Lexington Steele from keeping his famous prong hard, despite being coupled with hotties Kiwi and Ayanna Angel. Somewhere in *Liquid City* there's plenty of hot action, but the cameras seem to have missed it.

—C. T.

The Kelly Kickass Show

Directed by Slain Wayne.
Starring Kelly Kickass, Lola, Juliana Kincaid, Britney Jade, Meriesa Arroyo, Felix Vicious, Ron Jeremy, Steve Holmes, Pat Myne, Tony Tedeschi, Jay Ashley and Alex Sanders.
Videocassette: Kick Ass Pictures Inc.

The Kelly Kickass Show takes the term "fuckdoll" a tad too literally. The vid's hostess, Kelly Kickass, is a three-foot-tall rubber effigy, with an oversized head, Keene-kid eyes and an annoying Valley Girl voice. The pseudocunt's program plays like a perverted episode of *The Muppet Show*. Backstage sequences, usually involving fucking, frame "onscreen" interview segments. Neither Dr. Tooth nor the Pigs in Space make appearances. Instead, viewers are treated to exceptional hard-core performances. Lola's messy oral attack on Jay Ashley's schlong creates significant heat, while the all-natural Felix Vicious's mere presence conjures instant wood. It's a long haul through the drawn-out "comedy" sequences starring Ron Jeremy, but the sight of Felix's cooch impaled by a prick is worth the wait. Skipping past the final image of the Hedgehog blowing a load into Kickass's synthetic gob, however, is absolutely recommended.

—N. V.

Mad Jaxxx Beyond Thunderboobs: *XXXena's tits weigh twice as much as Tina Turner's crazy earrings.*

Shane's World #31: *Faye was no Keanu Reeves, but she'd have to do.*

Mad Jaxxx Beyond Thunderboobs

Directed by Skye Blue.
Starring Kayla Kleevage, XXXena, Skye Blue, Kandi Kox, Summer Cummings, Lee Stone, Hunter Scott, Napoleon, Anthony Crane, Ryan Moore, Ringman and Marty Romano.
Videocassette: Xavier Productions.

In the postapocalyptic future of *Mad Jaxxx Beyond Thunderboobs*, females are scarce and desert-roaming freaks fight for the last remaining pussy on Earth. Oddly, the few women who have survived all boast absurdly big breast implants (perhaps a side effect of doomsday radiation). All of the sex occurs outdoors and uses desert locations surprisingly well. Kayla Kleevage is memorably noisy while slurping cock and fucking, although the busy highway in the background suggests that the planet is still fairly well populated. Elsewhere, half-pint porn stud Napoleon fucks Kandi Kox while Lee Stone drills XXXena. The lilliputian lothario admirably scales Kandi's peaks and unleashes a huge load of jizz that sadly ends up on him instead of Kandi. In its own proudly goofy and top-heavy way, *Mad Jaxxx Beyond Thunderboobs* entertains and, of course, titillates.

—C. T.

Chunky Cheerleaders

Directed by Grip Johnson.
Starring Ginger, Roxy Blaze, Nikki Santana, Tessa, Lauren Smith, Valentino, Jeremy Steele, Kid Jihad and Tony Michaels.
Videocassette: SkinTight Modeling.

Cellulite-laden ass cheeks shake like fleshy pom-poms in *Chunky Cheerleaders*. BBW lovers will gravitate toward this fuck flick like bees to honey. Picky strokers will think it smells like teen blubber. Roxy Blaze kicks off the festivities by ordering $65 worth of pizza before sexually assaulting the delivery boy. The dazed driver eagerly shoves his sausage into the hook-nosed heifer's mouth. After waving his tool in her crotch pocket, the mook rapidly discovers that there's more than enough of Roxy to love. Another dude joins in, cramming his harpoon into the whale's gob. Later, Tessa rides a rod near a swimming pool, while the viewer learns an important formula: A high percentage of body fat equals huge knockers. Tessa's ta-tas clap like a Baptist church choir as she gallops on the prick. Those who can stomach big bellies and enormous asses will jump for *Chunky Cheerleaders*; the rest should split.

—N. V.

Live Bait #8

Directed by Jules Jordan.
Starring Calli Cox, Layla Starr, Vanessa Blue, Kianna, Misty, Shay Sights, Victoria Woods, Mr. Marcus, Travis Knight and Jules Jordan.
Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Live Bait #8 is a solid collection of vignettes that will hook viewers thanks to an outstanding scene featuring Calli Cox. The bottle-blond fuck-tart is furious that ebony swordsman Mr. Marcus is hours late for their shoot. When Marcus finally arrives, the eager cockhound pounces on him like a face-hugger from *Aliens*. Although there are hotter cum-dumpsters on the XXX scene, Calli puts them to shame by genuinely loving dick. Whether huffing choad or plugging her nether holes, the cute pixie looks happy to be full of prick. Megatitted Nubian siren Vanessa Blue exhibits the same positive attitude toward chugging sperm, but her scene is maddeningly restricted to tit-fucking and cocksucking. A lesbo fest with Kianna and Shay Sights is also nicely nasty, but Calli and Vanessa are the girls who will inspire viewers of *Live Bait #8* to burp their worms.

—C. T.

Shane's World #31: The Life and Times of Drunky the Bear

Directed by Andy Treehorn.
Starring Faye, John, TC, Stinky Martinez, The Grizz, James, Geoff Stadium, Andy Treehorn, Felipe Torres, Porno Joe and several uncredited beards.
Videocassette: New Sensations.

Shane's World #31: The Life and Times of Drunky the Bear is gay porn. All the guys who are in it are homos and, if you watch it, you'll probably turn queer. The tape follows the retarded antics of a bunch of spoiled Ritalin kids who watched one too many episodes of *Jackass*. Halfhearted hard-core scenes are tossed into the mix, but it's obvious that these knuckleheads care more about wrasslin' out their sublimated homosexuality than tapping female ass. Felipe Torres, the least obnoxious of the crew, chases and nails the most skirts. The mook bangs a thirty-something babe with an inflated rack, then plows into the diminutive Faye. Meanwhile, the rest of the gang participate in aggro, closet-homo activities. Unless you're some kind of self-hating swish, *Shane's World #31: The Life and Times of Drunky the Bear* is a complete waste of time.

—N. V.

Chunky Cheerleaders: *Tessa: "Ugh! You can totally tell this crap is nonfat."*

Live Bait #8: *Vanessa: "I'm not letting go till you hand me a Wet-Nap."*

Get Your Whore On

THE *EXTREME PORNO BOOT CAMP* SURVIVAL GUIDE

With the Bush war machine on overdrive, the time is especially ripe for Extreme Associates to polish up their sex pistols for *Extreme Porno Boot Camp #3*. The aggressive reality-porn series puts wanna-be porn stars through their paces, testing their carnal fortitude via a grueling and frequently disgusting battery of contests. The victorious slut receives the $10,000 first prize. The latest episode is set to tape early this year; in anticipation of the upcoming XXX trial, *Erotic Entertainment* offers some advice to prospective *Extreme* soldiers.

>>Physically Train: Early preparation will prevent excessive pain and discomfort during the three-day test. Now's the time to eradicate your gag reflex, loosen up your sphincters and stretch out your twat. By the time you've limped down from Anal Hill, your orifices will thank you.

>>Mentally Prepare: Basic training is about breaking your spirit. Don't fight it; you're being molded into the best whore you can be by seasoned fuckers. Let your urge to resist slip away. The less you fight, the easier the process.

>>Bring the Proper Equipment: You never know when you might need a dollop of lube or a douche. The quartermaster may ration out these supplies, but having your own stash will make you look sharp.

>>Keep a Positive Attitude: Verbal abuse is part of the training process. Don't take the drill sergeant's insults to heart. Listen carefully to their orders, and execute them promptly. When Rod Fontana tells you to fuck yourself in the ass with a dildo, your reply should be, "How hard, sir?"

>>Do Your Reconnaissance: Know what you're facing by screening *Extreme Porno Boot Camp #1* and *#2*. Pore over the footage of Alaina's "difficult position" training in the first volume and Mia Smiles's ignominious Anal Hill failure in the second, and you'll be ready for anything.

Go to www.ExtremeAssociates.com to learn more about Extreme Porno Boot Camp. Potential recruits should contact extremepress@extremeassoc.com.

The Bachelor Party Girl: *Constant practice is the key to learning the blues harp.*

Class Act: *Nicole and Julia: Etiquette dictates that only black fishnets should be worn for evening threeways.*

Hotel O: *Nina: "I took him by the throat, the circumcised dog, and smote him, thus."—Othello; Act V, Scene 2*

The Bachelor Party Girl: *Sunrise longs for the days of stag films and peanuts.*

Class Act: *Julia Ann and Stormy put the "ass" in "classy."*

The Bachelor Party Girl

Directed by James Avalon. **Starring** Sunrise Adams, April, Violet Blue, Faith Adams, Holly Hollywood, Ann Marie, Evan Stone and Joel Lawrence. **Videocassette:** Metro Inc.

The Bachelor Party Girl manages to negate the fact that it boasts many of the hottest young vixens in the industry by centering on Evan Stone's performance as a mook having a mental breakdown. All-natural trollops such as Violet Blue, Sunrise Adams and April should easily send strokers into fist-fucking frenzies, but when every hard-core scene is full of quick cuts and flashbacks of Evan Stone sobbing, it's difficult for even the most determined perv to sprout, let alone maintain, wood. Director James Avalon manages to find camera angles where it's impossible to distinguish anything about the mass of throbbing flesh onscreen. Faith Adams and April share a few brief moments of heat, but poor Sunrise spends most of the time frolicking, fully clothed, in a forest with Evan the lachrymose loonball. Watching *The Bachelor Party Girl* is like waking up with a hangover without having the preliminary debauched fun. **—C. T.**

Hotel O

Directed by Roy Karch. **Starring** Nina Hartley, India, Diana Devoe, Zana, Monique, Lexington Steele, Lee Stone, Byron Long, Steve Hatcher, Tice Bune, Mike Horner and Spermhead. **Videocassette:** Video Team.

Hotel O, a half-assed ripoff of Shakespeare's *Othello*, casts Lexington Steele as the moor, Nina Hartley as Desdemona and Mike Horner as the weasely Iago. The setting is the titular hotel, where pimps and their whores hang out and do their business. The sex, while hard and kinky (at least to those who still find miscegenation taboo), is so poorly captured that it has little crotch-rousing effect. Porn legend Nina Hartley earns her pay, getting porked in multiple scenes. The vet takes on Steele's one-eyed lap monster, barely passing the enormous mushroom tip over her dental work. She rides the python, easily sliding its girth into her well-worn moneymaker. Later, Hartley goes lesbo with a black tramp. The blonde howls as the ho finger-bangs her. Admirable as they are, Nina's efforts can't save the affair. Fans of the bard and integration proponents alike will find *Hotel O* to be a real tragedy. **—N. V.**

Class Act

Directed by Brad Armstrong. **Starring** Julia Ann, Zana, Tanya Danielle, Stormy, Mark Davis, Billy Glide and Anton Michael. **Videocassette:** Wicked Pictures.

Julia Ann begins *Class Act* playing Beethoven on the piano. Logically, it follows that the strains of "Für Elise" should compel the ivory-tickler to cram a dildo up her own ass. Julia is, after all, a classy lady. Visually, there's nothing wrong with this lavish strokefest. All of the splooge queens are stunning, and Julia ably gobbles down three helpings of turgid man-meat. There is, however, a ubiquitous and boner-draining voice-over on the nature of "class" that effectively knocks this vid's rating down a notch. Not only is the narration embarrassing to listen to, it also makes a point of noting that class is something beyond the reach of "regular Joes." That's not a wise thing to say when most stroke flicks are watched by "regular Joes." Although fans of Julia Ann will enjoy the Nordic beauty's sex scenes, they'll want to keep the volume down to avoid *Class Act*'s wrongheaded lecture. **—C. T.**

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

Fully Erect

Raincoater's Point of View (Red Light District)
August, Vanessa Rubec, Taylor Rain

Vice Squad (Legend Video)
Hannah Harper, Jewel De'Nyle, Lee Stone

Young & Black (HUSTLER Video)
Kiwi, Monica, T. J. Cummings

Three-Quarters Erect

Babes (HUSTLER Video)
Aria, Maya, James Bosworth

HUSTLER's Superfuckers #13 (HUSTLER Video)
Pokahontas, Lyudmilla, Titof

The Ozporns (VCA Pictures)
Tawny Roberts, Nikita Denise, Steve Hatcher

Sexoholics (Legend Video)
Hannah Harper, Holly Hollywood, Ben English

Spring Chickens (Diabolic Video Productions)
Sugar Kane, Lynn Dumaire, Jon Dough

Half Erect

Chatterbox (Vivid Video)
Brianna Banks, Cherie, Brian Surewood

Crazy About You (Pleasure Productions)
Gina Lynn, Breena, Dale D'Bone

Hot Showers #5 (HUSTLER Video)
Cherry, Piper, Becca

Jewel De'Nyle's Wild Ride (Adam & Eve Productions)
Jewel De'Nyle, Bobby Barrington, Billy Glide

Ron Jeremy's on the Loose: Venice Beach (Metro Inc./Gonzo)
Mandy Roberts, Phoenix Ray, Ron Jeremy

One-Quarter Erect

1001 Ways to Eat My Jizz (Armageddon Entertainment)
Bisexual Britni, Bree Brooks, August Arkham

Skate Trixxx (Video Team)
Dee, Jenna Haze, Tyler Wood

Totally Limp

Goosed for 3 (Stable/International Media Distributors)
Keri Windsor, Asia Carrera, Tuck

Rating Guide

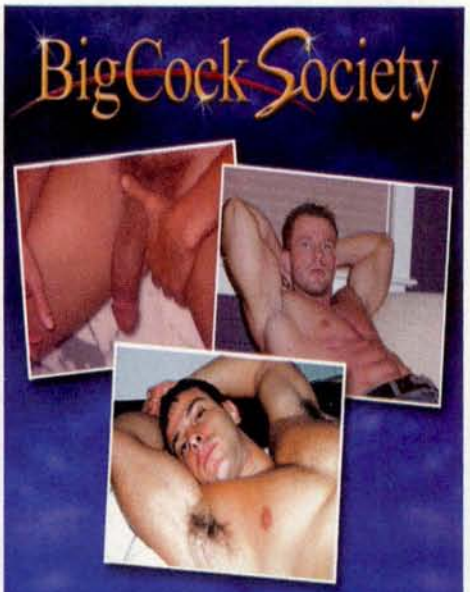
Fully Erect
Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Erect
Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect
Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect
Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.



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Pink Image

Why are women so hung up on the way their vaginas look? The idea of performing surgery to reduce lip size or increase fatness is abhorrent to me. I like the look of every pussy I come across, from the neat little clam to the beefy cunt. What makes ladies think that their beautiful snatches look wrong? —K. P.
Novato, California

I'm still perplexed by what compelled Houston to surgically alter her perfectly good pussy. There's no ideal snatch; each one is beautiful in its own right. These self-image issues run deeper than mere genital appearance. Some women become caught in a spiral of self-hatred that is hard to pull out of. Try to let all the girls you care about know that you love them, their privates included, just the way they are.

A Dysfunction Story

My wife loves to watch the childbirthing documentaries that air all weekend on the Discovery Channel. It keeps her out of my hair when I'm in my workshop; so I don't mind. The problem is, afterward she's completely worked up and ready to fuck, but the instant I see that baby-crazy look in her eyes, I lose all will to screw. I'd like to enjoy my wife's newfound lust, but my fear of fatherhood kills the wood. Jeanna, please help me relax and enjoy the ride. —V. L.
Novi, Michigan

This issue requires a light touch. The two of you are obviously in very different mental places right now. Fights over the subject of parenthood tend to go very badly. That said, don't have kids just to appease your wife. I commend you for holding out as long as you have. Talk earnestly with your wife, and make sure you each know where the other stands. Good communication will foster trust, which in turn will make it easy for the both of you to enjoy practicing the art of baby-making.

Undie Search

I suffer from groin cramps. I think the pain comes from my briefs tightening around my inner thighs. I switched to boxers, but they're too hot, and during the summer they make my balls stick to my legs. I finally settled on wearing women's Lycra underwear, because they are much more comfortable. During the hot summer months, a nice thong does wonders. My only problem is that I can't change my clothes at the gym or the swimming pool. Are there more acceptable male equivalents to these feminine undergarments?
—G. P.
via Internet

Men shouldn't feel that tighty-whities and starchy boxers are their only underwear options. There are entire stores dedicated to men's undergarments. You have a plethora of choices; everything from old-fashioned one-pieces to string thongs are available. I'm a fan of the form-fitting, thigh-length boxers that are popular right now. If your local malls or department stores don't have this kind of variety, use mail-order catalogs. Whatever option you go for, try to stick to cotton, because the material breathes better and prevents rashes. Don't worry about what the guys at the gym think of your new skivvies. It's only the ladies' opinions that matter.

Anal Prep

I need to know how to properly clean my ass. I know you've probably answered this question before, but my husband is desperate to use my back door, and I can't let him enter without knowing that my rear is 100% spotless. What do I need to do, Jeanna? —H. Q.
via Internet

A spotless rosebud really does help a gal relax and enjoy anal sex. Who wants to spend the whole night worrying about ruining the sheets? The first step is to make sure that you're having daily bowel movements. Before you fuck, insert a finger into your cornhole to check for cleanliness. If you took a good dump earlier in the day, there shouldn't be a problem. For extra peace of mind use a douche. You only need to clean out the first six or eight inches of the lower colon. A full-on enema is just excessive.

Facial Guilt

My girlfriend knows that I'm a fan of pornography and plays off my carnal interests when we're in the sack. When she blows me, she often allows the splooge to smear across her lips, cheeks and chin. I really get off on the visual, and my girl seems happy to please me in such a dirty way. My friends, however, seem to believe that coming on a chick's mug is degrading and that no woman would ever want to do such a thing. I don't mention that my girl does just that. Being in the minority gives me second thoughts, nonetheless. Should I stop spurting my semen onto my woman's face? —Y. P.
Yankton, South Dakota

Many guys like giving facials. It's a fact of life. Regardless of the underlying dominance, overt misogyny or any other label you want to attach to it, *(continued on page 62)*

"Happy Valentine's Day, dear! I know you've wanted one for a long time."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

LIP SERVICE
TAYLOR AND JOEY

Joey thinks Taylor looks like that chick from Alias. She says she hears that all the time. They go home. Now naked and fucking, Joey thinks Taylor looks like Julia Roberts. Taylor says she's a better lay than that junkie whore. "We'll see," Joey smirks, before drilling Taylor's colon into a frothing, inflamed chasm. "You know," Joey muses, "from this angle, you look more like Rush Limbaugh."

"My girlfriend wants the dog to lick her feet while I lick her muffin."

(continued from page 52) **it's here to stay. Many women enjoy catching sperm on the chin, especially when it makes their lovers happy. You and your woman already see eye-to-eye on the subject. Don't get obsessed with politically correct peer pressure. Concentrate on what works for the two of you, and enjoy yourselves.**

Onscreen Pleasure

I've read that many porn stars don't find sexual satisfaction while fucking in front of the camera. Was that your experience as well, Jeanna? Were you able to come on tape, or did you fake it? If the former is true, which of your movies gave you the wildest orgasms? Do you have a hands-down favorite film, satisfying or not? —B. N.
via Internet

Porn stars are actors. Our first job is to give the camera a show. This usually means that work and pleasurable feelings don't go hand in hand. The contortions required to capture close-up angles of insertion are particularly uncomfortable. There are ample opportunities to get off on a porn set, though. I used to snag moments of personal satisfaction between shots and usually scored one or two real orgasms per film. *Cafe Flesh #2* rocked me the hardest, because I hadn't worked in a while and had the whole rediscovery thing going for me. My favorite all-around experiences were in *Street Angels* and *City of Sin*.

Tool Time

I have been unable to find any information about penis pumps. The companies that manufacture the products claim that they're very safe, while the sites that hock cock-enlargement pills say that the devices are very dangerous. Which is the truth, Jeanna? Will a pump give me a bigger dick, or just send me to the hospital? —L. C.
via Internet

Penis pumps are more sex toys than anything else. The increase in size they create is only temporary. The warning labels on the products often mention scary-sounding side effects, such as urethral strictures and hematoma, if you pump the thing too hard. The truth is that you're just as likely to gain a larger unit by praying or writing a letter to Santa Claus than from a pump.

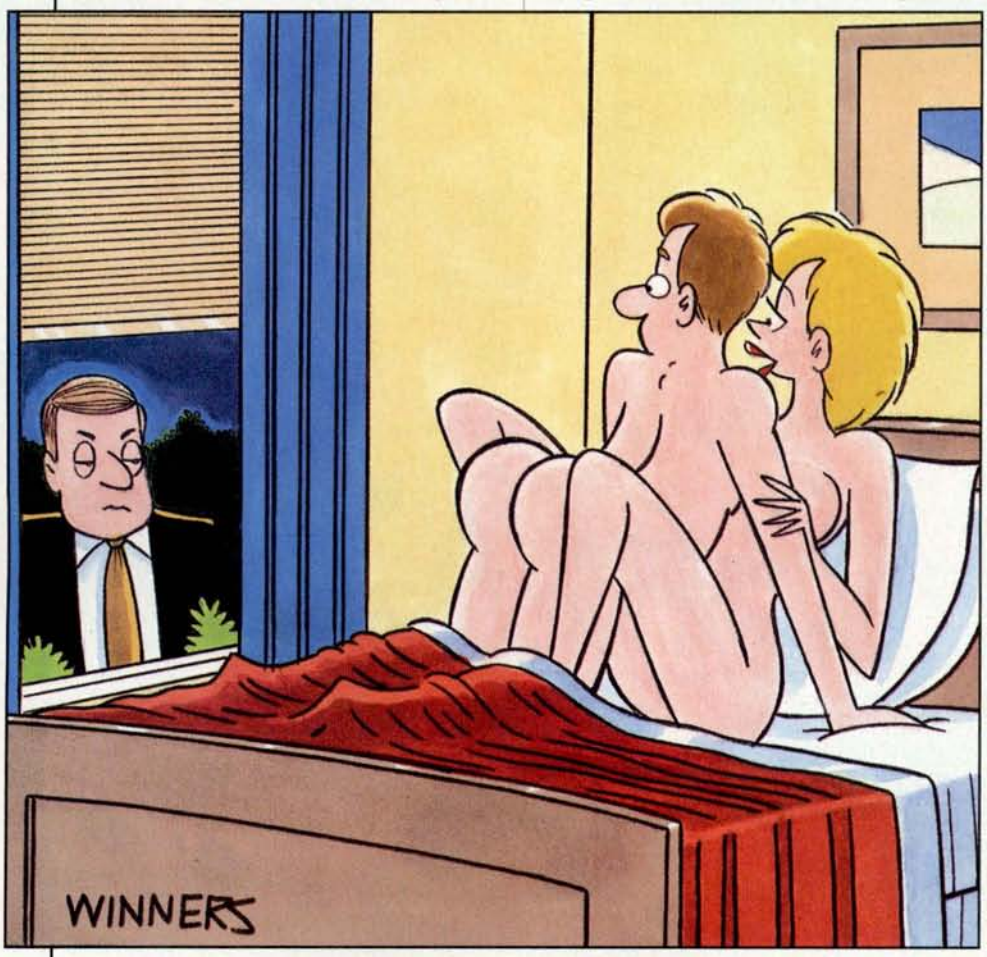
Canine Third Wheel

My dog has what I consider to be an abnormal interest in the sexual activity between me and my girlfriend. Once, when my babe was giving me a lap dance, the pooch began licking my lover's bare breasts. Every time we snuggle after a sweaty fuck, my dog muscles into the tiny gap between our nude bodies. I want to block the door when we screw so my pet can't interrupt, but my fuckmate won't have it. In fact, she told me that she wants the dog to lick her feet while I lick her muffin. Should I get rid of the dog or the girl? —M. P.
Providence, Rhode Island

There's no need to ditch either. It's not a criminal offense to let the dog hang around while you screw. If it makes you uncomfortable, try to relax, and let your pet and girlfriend do what they want—short of bestiality, that is. As an animal owner and a boyfriend, you know that both of the bitches in your life want to be the center of attention. Allowing the pair to share the limelight in appropriate ways is completely acceptable.

JEANNA FINE 2004

Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth.
Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lfp.com.



"It's that John Ashcroft again, pretending like he's looking for terrorists."

©Wrecter.
Brraaak! Polly want a crack whore! Polly want a crack whore!

Fashion Burn
Elle
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

"The main reason us runway models are so pouty," Elle asserts, "is because most of the men we meet are fruits who only want one thing from us—the name of our designer. It doesn't help that we live on a diet of cocaine and car fumes, either. There, I've shared a secret. Now why don't you do me a favor and stuff me with your cock? Solid food isn't the only thing I'm starving for."

Photos provided by REUTERS

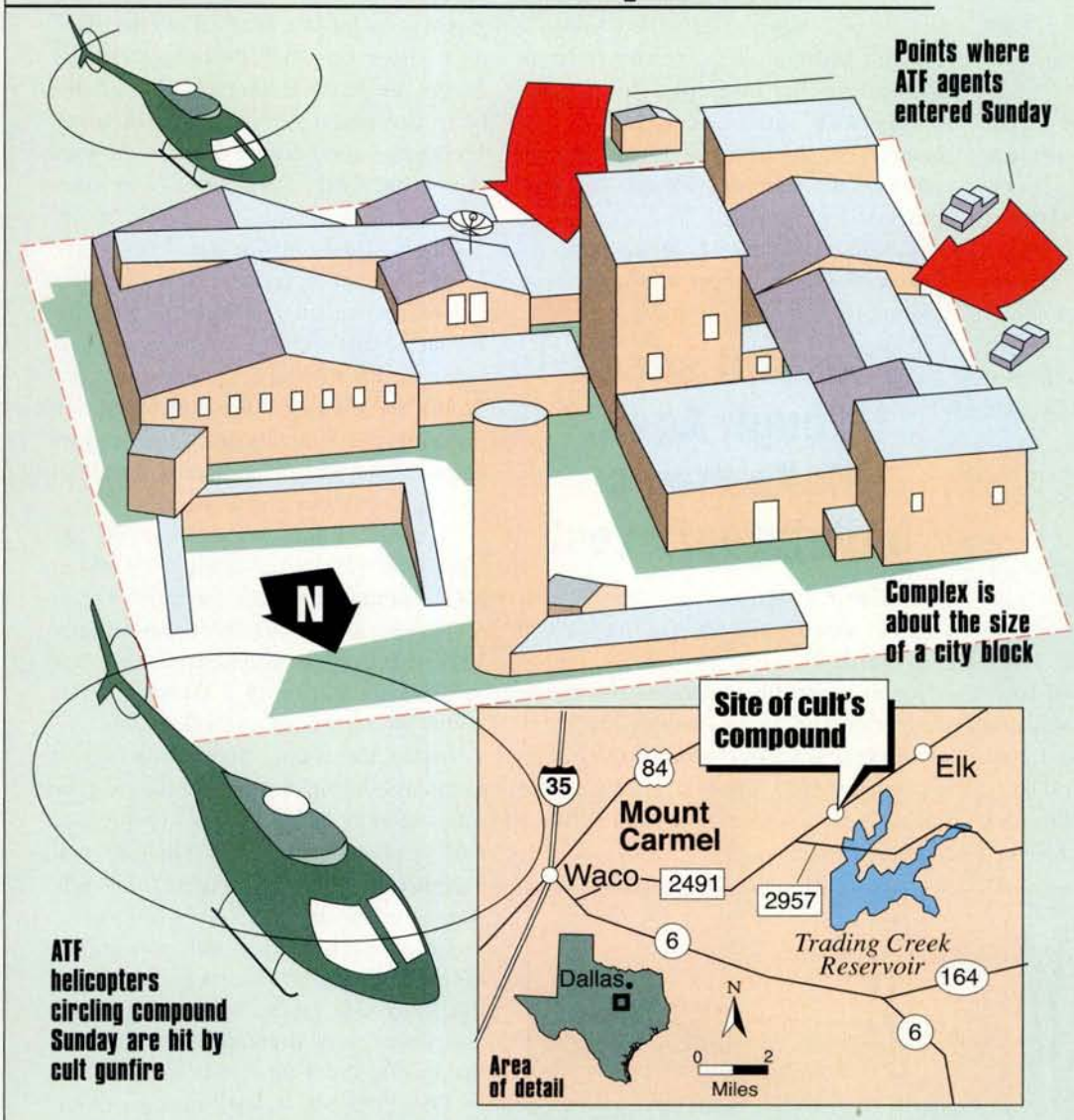
SHOOTOUT IN WACO

On the tenth anniversary of the bloody gunfight between government agents and David Koresh-led cultists, an ATF agent who fought in the battle gives a firsthand account of what went down and what went wrong.

ATF agents and Waco fatalities Todd McKeehan, Steven Willis, Robert Williams and Conway LeBleu (l-r). Far left: McKeehan trains for the raid two days before being killed.

REPORT BY SPECIAL AGENT CHARLES HUSTMYRE

Standoff at cult compound



Key moments during the gun battle and standoff at the 77-acre Branch Davidian religious compound (times, which are approximate, are EST):

>> 10:30 a.m. Sunday: Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms agents move in on compound. Gun battle begins.

>> 11:15 a.m.: Gun battle ends. Negotiations begin to remove the injured.

>> 1:20 p.m.: Hospital helicopters fly away from the site with injured federal agents.

>> 2 p.m.: A Waco hospital confirms the death of an ATF agent, the first casualty.

>> 6 p.m.: Gunfire continues sporadically throughout the afternoon.

>> 7 p.m.: Three cult members storm out of the compound. One is killed, one is injured, one is captured.

>> Monday morning: Cult members release children. Negotiators continue talking with cult leaders.

SOURCES: News reports, eyewitness accounts, Dallas Morning News research

I didn't even hear the first shots. My mind was focused on escaping the cramped cattle trailer without busting my ass or tripping over the boots of the agent in front of me, but by the time my feet splashed into the mud driveway in front of the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas, I knew things weren't going according to plan.

The blueprint for the February 28, 1993, raid, code-named Trojan Horse, had seemed so simple: Hide 76 agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) inside two tarp-covered cattle trailers; slip the trailers unnoticed down the 200-yard-long, rutted, muddy driveway that led to the Davidian stronghold; create a diversion with a trio of helicopters; storm a building the size of a football field; make multiple, simultaneous entries on the first and second floors; and, finally, snatch away the cult's cache of pistols, rifles, machine guns and hand grenades without anyone being hurt.

We forgot one thing—Murphy's Law. The operational plan was based on two crucial pieces of intelligence the ATF had obtained from former cult members. The first was that each morning most of the men in the compound went to work outside in an area called "the pit," the underground bunker on the west side of the main building. The second was that cult leader David Koresh kept the Branch Davidians' weapons locked up in a second-story room on the east side of the building, next door to his private bedroom. At the time of the raid, the men would be on the opposite side of the compound from their weapons, and wouldn't be able to resist. By the time we rolled up in front of the compound and heard the gunshots, we knew there was a problem with the intelligence.

Of the 76 agents on the ground, only a handful of us had anything more powerful than a 9mm. My job was to slip around the west side of the compound and cover the back with my AR-15 rifle. All I had to do was maneuver past a couple of fences, a section of excavated earth, a buried school bus and a chicken coop.

I stepped off the trailer into the gunfire and followed the agent in front of me. Bullets kicked up mud clods at our feet. Just ahead of me, Houston Special Response Team (SRT) member Eric Evers made his way to the west side of the compound before a bullet toppled him into a muddy ditch.

Twenty-five feet from the southwest corner of the compound sat a bulldozer with half a dozen agents already hunkered behind it. The safest spot around seemed

to be in the protection of the heavy machinery; so that's where I headed. Like angry hornets, bullets buzzed through the air.

Halfway to the bulldozer, I saw a man on the west side of the building firing a rifle. I threw my own firearm to my shoulder and snapped off a couple of shots at him.

The three helicopters—two OH-58 Kiowas and a UH-60 Black Hawk, on loan from the Texas National Guard—began their diversionary run over the compound as the cattle trailers bounced up the rain-soaked driveway.

As the helicopters hovered north of the compound, the Davidians started shooting. Rifle rounds slammed into the Black Hawk and one of the Kiowas. Both made emergency landings in nearby fields.

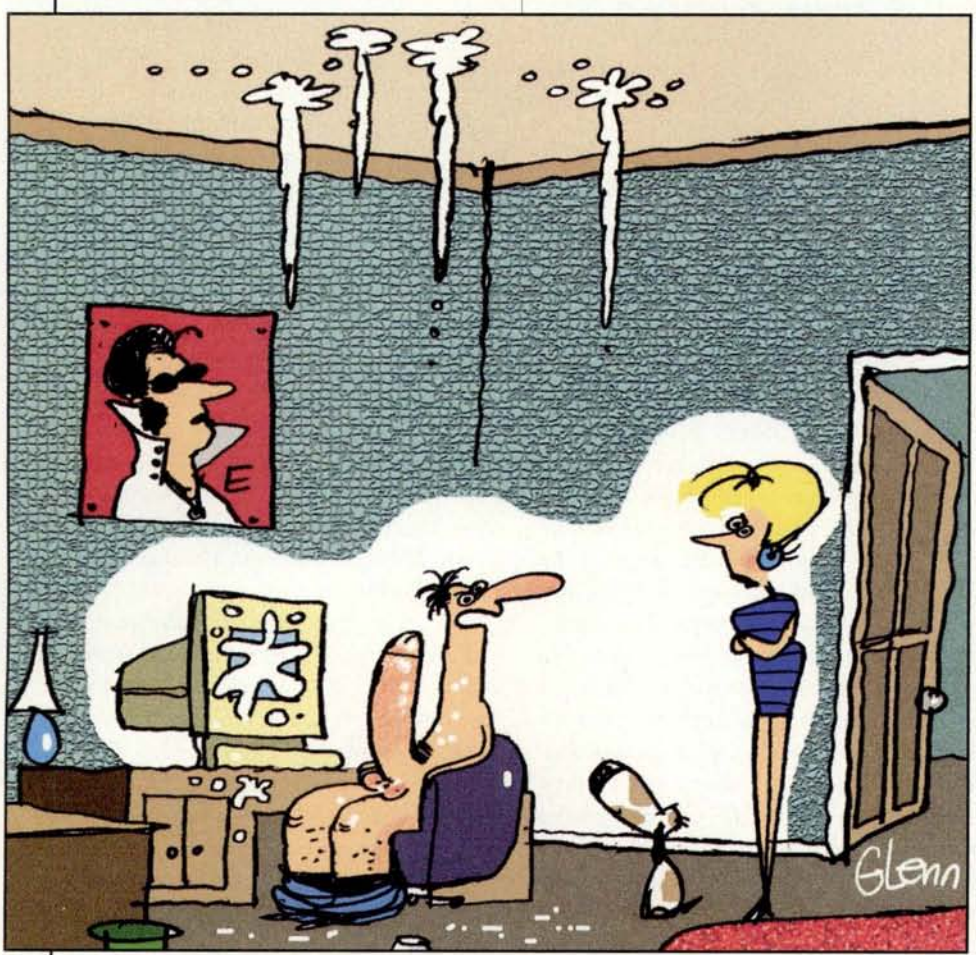
On the east side of the compound, the New Orleans SRT was catching hell. Seven of them had the unenviable task of hauling two ladders from the second cattle trailer, scrambling onto the chapel roof and crashing through two second-story windows, into cult leader David Koresh's bedroom and the suspected arms room.

On the west side of the peaked chapel roof, three agents crouched outside Koresh's bedroom window as a burst of machine-gun fire tore through the glass, striking ATF supervisor Ken King six times. The Vietnam-era recon Marine rolled off the roof and fell into an inner courtyard.

Special Agent Todd McKeehan, an Operation Desert Storm Marine combat veteran, took one round in the chest. The shot sliced through his "bulletproof" vest and tore open his heart. He dropped to the roof, dead.

The shot sliced through Agent McKeehan's "bulletproof" vest.

Agent Dave Millen scampered over the peak of the roof to the east side, where he joined Special Agent Conway LeBleu. The two agents fired up at a gunman who rained shots down onto the chapel from a four-story tower.



"Why is it every time I get on the Internet you assume I'm looking at porn?!"

At the east window—the arms room—Agent Glen Jordan smashed out the glass. ATF supervisor Bill Buford, a Special Forces, Vietnam veteran, tossed in a flash-bang distraction device, a sort of super firecracker, and crawled through the window with Keith Constantino and Glen Jordan following him.

When Dave Millen tried to enter behind the three agents, a hail of bullets ripped through the window, striking his Kevlar helmet and the flashlight strapped just over his shoulder, knocking him flat on his back. With gunfire punching holes through the shingles from the chapel below, Millen scrambled to the edge of the roof and slid down the ladder.

Conway LeBleu stood alone on the roof. Trojan Horse was going to be his last SRT assignment; he was leaving the team to dedicate his time to arson investigation. LeBleu blasted at gunmen in the tower with his shotgun until a Davidian bullet struck his left temple and killed him.

Inside the room, Buford saw a cult gunman backing through an open door into a hallway. Buford crossed to the door and peeked through. The Branch Davidian stood in the hallway, his rifle pointed at the door.

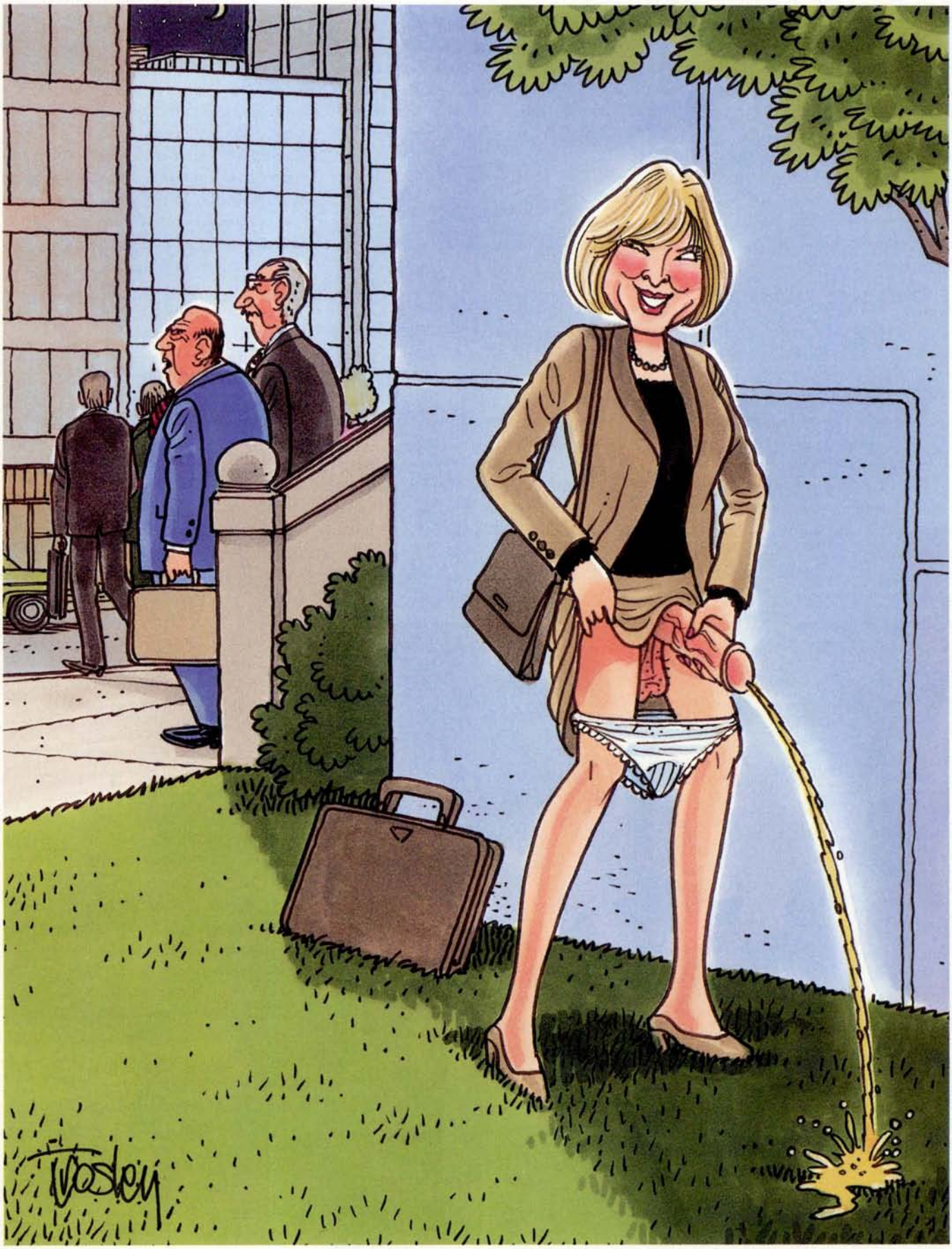
To expose himself as little as possible, the ATF supervisor shoved his pistol into the hinge-side crack, between the door and frame, and fired until the gunman dropped to the floor.

The room was indeed an arms room. Racks of long guns lined the walls, and Buford spotted a case of MK-II hand grenades. The agents took cover as bullets from the room next door ripped through the wall.

Just below the chapel, New Orleans SRT member Rob Williams squatted behind a hunk of metal and laid down cover fire for the agents being ripped apart on the roof. A Davidian gunman shot off a rifle round that struck Williams in the left cheek, penetrated downward through the lower part of his face and left a gaping exit wound just below his right ear. He died before he hit the ground.

No more than ten feet to my left was a muddy hole, the entrance to a partially covered underground bunker. Farther out, across the bunker, sat a junked bus.

During the briefings we'd been told cult members lived inside the vehicles on the property. We had no cover if anyone started firing from the bus.



"Makes you wonder what else Martha Stewart isn't telling us."

In front of the bulldozer, a wooden fence partially blocked my view of the back of the building, but I could see, rising up behind the fence, a 40-foot-tall metal water tower. Perched on top of the tower, a man fired a rifle across the roof of the compound, toward the chapel. I raised my rifle, but someone else hit him before I could fire. The gunman dropped into the tower as his rifle—an AK-47 by the look of it—plummeted toward the ground.

From a second-story window to my right, a blast of machine-gun fire erupted. As ricochets whizzed off the bulldozer, I fired a volley of shots into the window at the unseen shooter. For several minutes, the Davidian and I traded shots. Eventually he stopped shooting.

My ATF radio crackled with reports of agents down. The numbers were staggering. At least eight and maybe as many as a dozen agents were wounded.

The voice of Ken King, the supervisor who fell from the roof after being shot six times, came over the radio. King said he was bleeding badly and needed help. Unfortunately, he would have to wait two more hours before we could deliver assistance to him.

In front of the compound, Special Agents Lowell Sprague and Steve Willis took up a covered position behind a Davidian vehicle. Sprague's MP-5 carbine jammed, but he was able to clear it just in time for him and Willis to open fire on the cult gunman shooting from the top of the water tower. As their bullets knocked the Davidian sniper from his nest, a hail of gunfire came at them from the main building.

The Davidian and I traded shots. Eventually, he stopped shooting.

One of the bullets struck Willis in the left temple, killing him instantly.

Meanwhile, inside of the arms room, agents Buford, Jordan and Constantino were like targets in a carnival shooting gallery. A dizzying crosshatch of gunfire shredded the flimsy walls and ripped through the floor. There was no cover from the bullets, and some quickly found their mark. Jordan was hit in the arm, and Buford took three bullets in his thigh and butt.

The agents had to force their way out. Constantino volunteered to stay behind and lay down cover fire while the two wounded agents escaped through the window. For a moment, Constantino was alone. As the gunfire in the room stopped, he shrunk into the darkness, waiting. The seconds dragged by. Then, through the open door, a cult member slunk into the room, hands clutching an assault rifle. Constantino locked eyes with him. It was a frozen slice of time, no thicker than a second, but one that seemed to last forever.

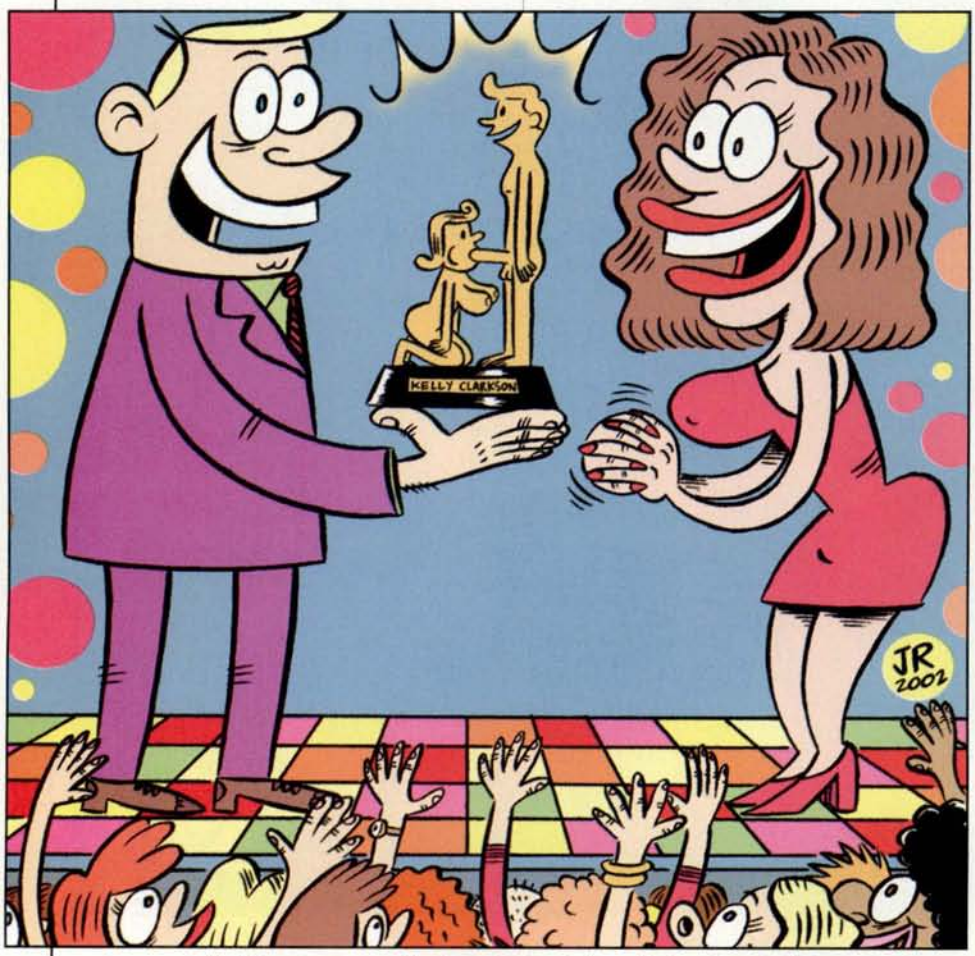
The two men opened fire on each other. The Davidian went down, and Constantino turned and ran for the shattered window. As he dove through it, he smashed his head on a support beam. His Kevlar helmet kept him conscious, but the stunning blow caused his near-empty pistol to slip from his fingers.

The sloped chapel roof was slick with rain as Constantino slid to the edge and plunged off. He landed sideways on a cement slab and, although the landing broke his hip and shattered his knee, he borrowed a backup gun from another agent and stayed in the fight.

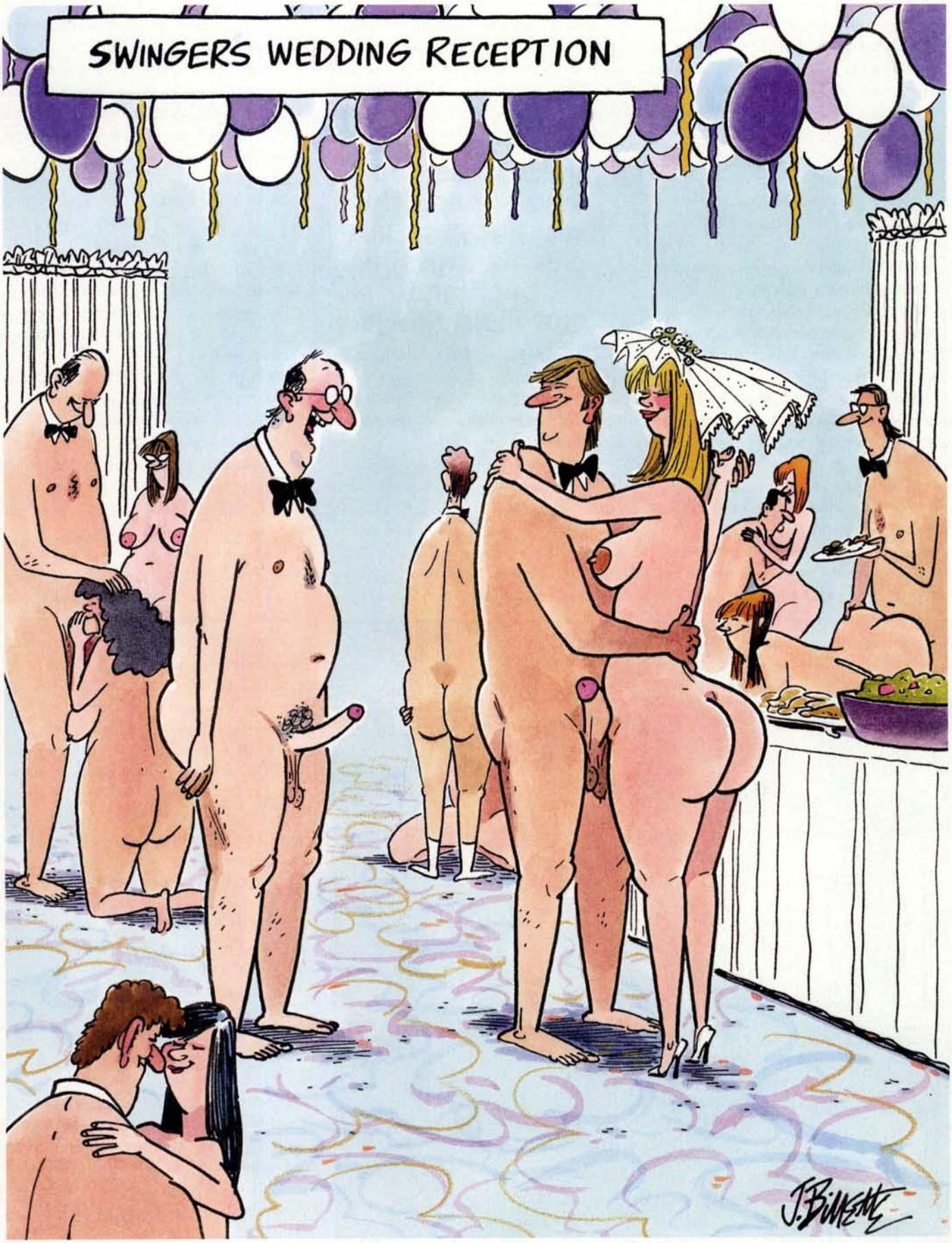
"I can't stop the bleeding," yelled Houston SRT member Eric Evers to those of us beside the bulldozer. At the start of the fight, a gunshot had toppled Evers into a muddy ditch beside the partially completed underground bunker.

A man dressed in black and cradling a rifle wormed his way out from behind a wooden fence and toward the ditch in which the agent lay wounded. From the man's clothing, we couldn't tell if he was an ATF agent or a cult member. The Houston and New Orleans agents wore blue, but those from Dallas were in black. Harry Eberhardt, an Oklahoma City agent, shouted at the man, who turned toward the bulldozer with a stunned look on his face. As the now-apparent Davidian swung his rifle toward the dozer, we let loose a volley of shots that drove him back behind the fence.

There was movement in the muddy hole to my left, the entrance to the underground bunker. The bunker was 25 to 30 yards long and half that wide. It sat in the middle of an excavated pit, and was linked to the compound's main building by a buried school bus and a cement tunnel. A



"And here is your trophy for winning this year's American Idol."



"May I fuck the bride?!"

plywood-and-tar-paper roof covered the bunker, but the surrounding ring of dirt hadn't been pushed back into place to hide it. With all nine of us hunkered down on the west side of the bulldozer, any Davidian gunman popping out of that hole could mow us down.

I saw the top of a head moving inside the pit. Like some of the cult members we'd seen, whoever this was had something black—a hat, a knit cap or a helmet—on his head. I spun and aimed my rifle into the hole, the muzzle only a couple of feet from the person's head.

"Who are you?" I shouted.

Other agents aimed their weapons into the chasm as the steady barrage of gunfire continued around us.

I tightened my index finger on the trigger. Despite the swelling knot of fear in my belly, I was determined not to make a mistake. Instinct, training or just dumb luck stayed my hand for an instant more, just long enough to hear a voice from the hole scream, "We're ATF! We're ATF!"

Two Houston agents, David DiBetta and Wade Brown, had gone into the hole while trying to make an entry into the compound, but instead of finding a door, like they'd been told during the briefings, they found a window-size opening. From below them, inside the pitch-dark bunker, came the sounds of people scurrying around. Neither agent was suicidal enough to slither through the opening into the darkness. They could hear the sounds of gunshots and voices above them, but only after several minutes did they realize that those voices belonged to other ATF agents.

The "cease-fire" had apparently been a trap to lure agents into the open and gun them down.

After 45 minutes, the volume of gunfire finally slackened. We were running out of ammunition. The Davidians, however, had plenty. Later, the number of rounds stored inside the compound was estimated in the hundreds of thousands. The shooting continued for nearly two hours, punctuated by an occasional explosion from the cult's collection of homemade hand grenades.

Finally, ATF supervisors passed the word that they were on the telephone with someone inside the compound and had managed to arrange a cease-fire. "Don't fire unless fired upon" became our mandate.

A short while later, we learned that agents on the east side were moving forward to pull out the wounded and the dead. Minutes later, a burst of gunfire erupted from the compound. The so-called cease-fire had apparently been a trap to lure agents into the open and gun them down.

Minutes dragged by. Then, again, the word came: another cease-fire. We watched, and we waited, shivering in the cold, misting rain.

"Move back to the road," a supervisor shouted.

"What about Evers?" I asked. "We can't leave without him."

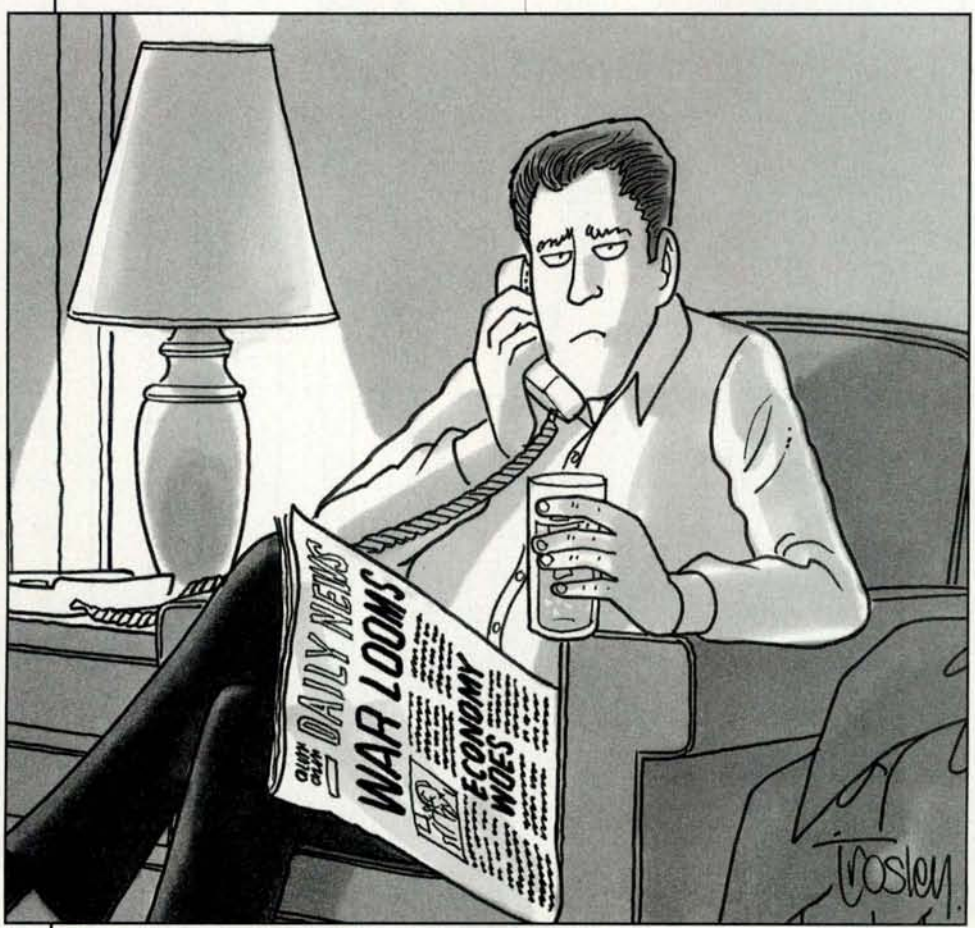
The general consensus was that someone would have to retrieve the wounded agent, but considering all the shots we'd heard during the first cease-fire, no one was eager to go. Being the one who'd brought up the situation, I offered to do the job. David Opperman, a Houston agent, volunteered to go with me.

We stepped onto the plywood deck covering the bunker and crept forward. As soon as we passed the wooden fence in front of the bulldozer, two cult gunmen confronted us. They stood 20 feet away, rifles pointed right at us, and screamed for us to go away.

I didn't know what else to do; so I started talking. I told them everything had been worked out with someone inside. They must have believed me, because they didn't shoot us.

I jumped into the ditch beside Evers and pushed him upward while Opperman stood on the edge and pulled. With Opperman's help, Evers and I clawed our way up the muddy sides of the trench until we found ground solid enough to stand on. Opperman and I draped Evers's arms over our shoulders and led the wounded agent back to the driveway, where we delivered him to a couple of his Houston buddies.

To reach the road, we had to cross more than 200 yards of open (continued on page 96)



"Thank you for calling the office of President George W. Bush. For economic recovery bullshit, press one. For homeland security bullshit, press two. For Social Security bullshit, press three."

INCREDIBLE ASSET

Dreama

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **CLIVE McLEAN**

"My knowledge of bookkeeping has been an incredible asset," Dreama purrs seductively. "Mmmm, and I love to roll over those 401(k)s." She caresses her lips with her sharp, executive-accounting pen. "I don't care what anyone says. Every female bean-counter has been in the red, if you know what I mean. Trust me, because I've been in the black, but I've gone back. I just love when all those numbers pile up on each other and deliver me that one big sum!"

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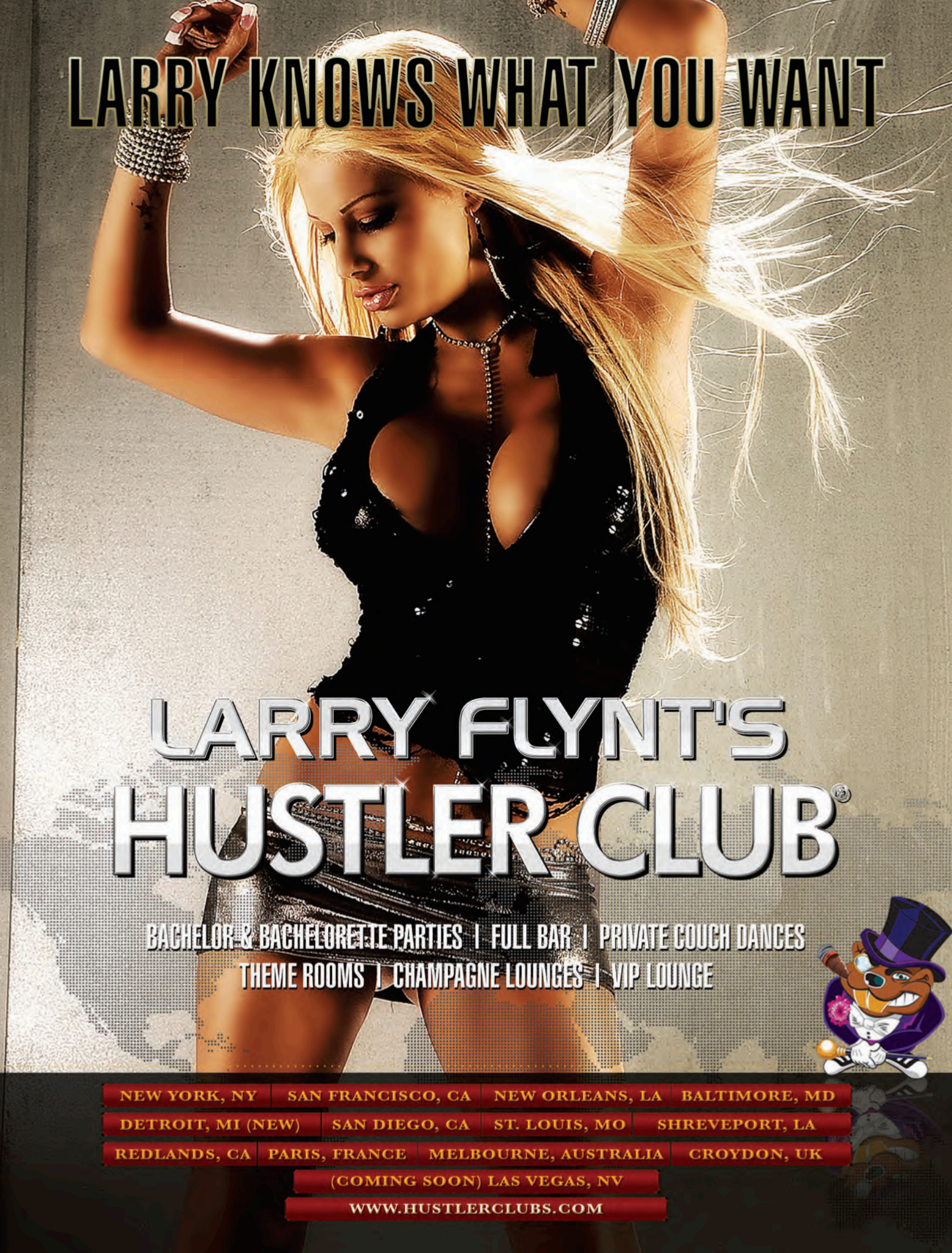
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Question: Have you heard about Tempura House? Answer: It's a new shelter for lightly battered women.

An Arab was crawling through the desert, desperate for water, when he saw a Jewish man selling neckties.

"I am dying of thirst," croaked the Arab. "Can you give me some water?"

"I don't have any water," the Jewish man replied, "but why don't you buy a tie? This one would look nice with your robe."

"I don't want a tie—I need water," the Arab begged.

"Fine, don't buy a tie," the seller shrugged, "but to show you what a nice guy I am, I'll tell you that over that hill, about four miles away, is a restaurant. They have water."

Desperate, the Arab crawled over the hill and disappeared until hours later, when the tie salesman saw him slowly crawling back.

"What's the matter?" the Jew asked. "Couldn't you find the restaurant?"

"I found it all right," the Arab gasped, "but your brother wouldn't let me in without a tie."

Question: How many Pentagon procurement officers does it take to change a light bulb?

Answer: Look, for only $87 billion we can put up this chain of fluorescent satellites that will illuminate the whole planet.

Little Johnny's mom asked her son if he had enjoyed the class field trip.

"Yes," he chirped. "We saw sheep, horses, goats and fuckers."

"Johnny," his mother stammered, "I know what sheep, goats and horses are, but what's a fucker?"

"Oh, they're the animals that give us milk and steak," the lad answered.

"Who told you they were fuckers?" his mother demanded.

"The teacher," Johnny said. "Actually, she only said *effers*, but we all knew what she meant."

A man walked into the doctor's office complaining of sexual problems.

"Well, what sort of activity do you engage in?" the physician asked.

"I wake up every morning and fuck my wife's brains out," the patient explained. "Then I go to work and bang the shit out of my secretary. Afterward, I take a coffee break to screw my girlfriend and, after work, I nail my mistress."

"What's the trouble with that?" the medic asked.

"It really hurts when I beat off at the end of the day," the man whined.

Two whores were sitting by a pool in Las Vegas.

"A guy gave me a diamond-studded watch yesterday for letting him jizz in my ear," the first one said.

"Really?" her friend asked. "What kind is it?"

"About half past three," the first replied.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *piss porn* as: streaming video.

Two nuns were riding their bicycles to the Vatican through the twisted old streets of Rome. After a while one of the sisters said, "You know, I never came this way before."

"Yeah, I know," the second sister replied. "It's the cobblestones."

A woman's husband had been slipping in and out of a coma for several months, yet she had stayed by his bed every single day. One day, when he came to, he motioned for her to come nearer.

As she leaned toward him, he whispered, eyes full of tears, "You have been with me all through the bad times. When I got fired, you were there to support me. When my business failed, you were there. When I got shot, you were by my side. When we lost the house, you stayed with me. When my health started failing, you were still by my side. You know what?"

"What, dear?" she gently asked, smiling.

"I think you're bad luck," the husband replied. "Get the fuck away from me, and stay away."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50.

Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"And in other news, John Ashcroft forced his wife to have a double mastectomy."

G. I. Ho, Sinnamin and Isis prepare for battle.

XXX WRESTLING

MEET THE SUPER-SLUTS OF SMACKDOWN

Women's pro wrestling just got nastier. Hoping to create an unbeatable combination, porn entrepreneurs are adding gratuitous sex to over-the-top violence.

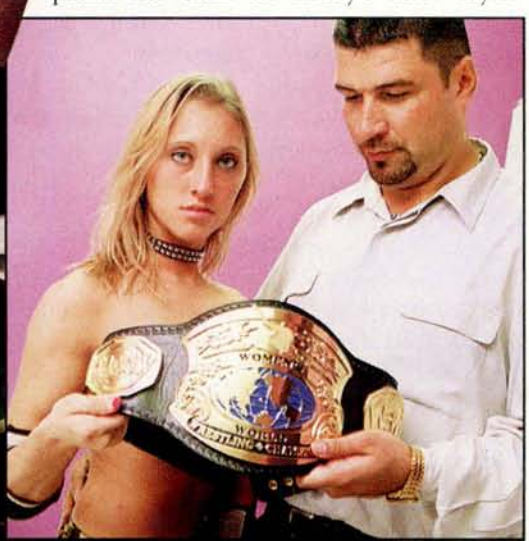
IN THE RING WITH NATASHA MANITOBA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RITA LEISTNER

In the ring of a Philadelphia fight arena, several near-naked members of a female-wrestling collective known as the Pussy World Order (P.W.O.) push a willing and topless redhead against the ropes, spraying her breasts with whipped cream. P.W.O.'s ringleader, blond, big-boobed, Gene Simmons-tongued Keri Windsor, laps a snack off the young woman's hooters. Meanwhile, porn actresses/wrestlers Taylor St. Claire and Angelica Sin pin bottle-blond sex kitten Krissy Kiss. Angelica plants her clam on Krissy's face. Taylor pushes Krissy's legs open, splooges her with whipped topping and goes to town. While cunnilingus is not generally recognized as a legal wrestling maneuver, no one in the audience seems to mind.

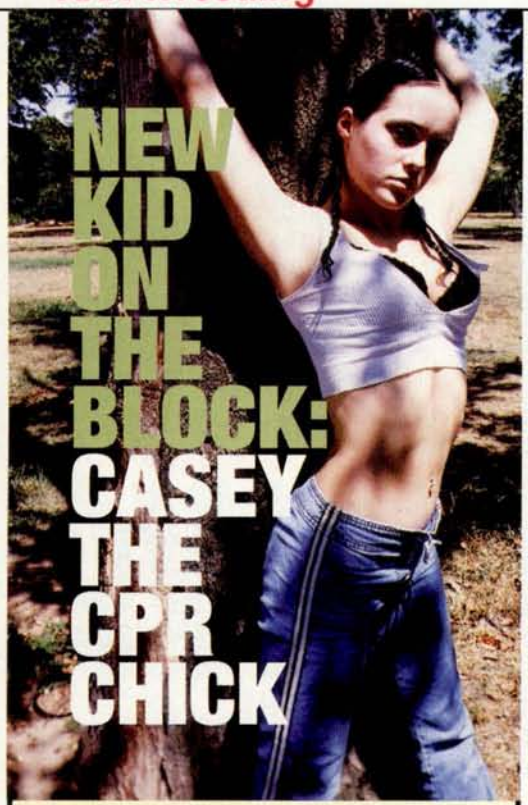
* * *

The male-dominated, steroid-soaked world of professional wrestling is hurting: Over the past year, network- and cable-TV revenues have declined, live-arena events have become less lucrative, and far fewer people have been forking over cash to watch pay-per-view events. There is good news, however, in the pro wrestling world; in a word, the savior of the battered phenomenon is "pussy." While things have become grim for the beefed-up bruisers of Vince McMahon's megamillion-dollar World Wrestling Entertainment organization, which dominates the upper echelon of the pseudosport, way down on the grassroots level, raw, raunchier-than-ever women's wrestling shows are coming into their own.

Professional wrestling most often conjures images of testosterone-besotted, alpha-male monstrosities, from Andre the Giant and Hulk Hogan to Stone Cold Steve Austin and the Rock. Wild women have always been found in the ranks of the W.W.E. (formerly the W.W.F.). Sometimes the W.W.E. ladies even wrestle, but far more often, pumped up W.W.E. "divas," such as former star Chyna and current siliconed icons



G.I. Ho is thrilled to accept her championship belt.



NEW KID ON THE BLOCK: CASEY THE CPR CHICK

She looks like an angel, talks like a longshoreman, and lives in a rough, North Philly neighborhood with her 6-5, white, rapper-band boyfriend and her three killer dogs. "Am I afraid in this neighborhood? Nah," Casey the CPR Chick says. "I just carry my brass knuckles when I go out." The sweet-faced hellion's not joking. Casey, 20, means business—but in a good way. She dances in Delilah's, one of Philadelphia's better strip joints, strictly to pay the rent. She dances onstage in her boyfriend's band strictly for fun. She decided to try wrestling for the money, the fun and "because I like doing crazy shit."

On her very first night with G.L.O.O.W., Casey's no-nonsense, Wednesday Addams look makes her stand out in the crowded dressing room. Later in the ring, her "angle" is first to do a dirty dance, then revive the unconscious G. I. Ho by giving her mouth-to-mouth, but Casey's dirty dance "revives" the crowd. The girl can move.

Later still that night, she oil-wrestles tough, buff Ho to a draw. It's an accomplishment for the new kid on the block, especially since, while pro wrestling's choreographed, oil wrestling's for real. Manager Dan Kowal confides that he likes pitting new girls against older talent in the oil, because he knows their fights tend to get vicious. Casey is cool about it, but not amused.

"I really didn't fuckin' appreciate being thrown into a fight like that, because I'm not that good a wrestler yet," she says. "Boxing—muay Thai; that's more my thing."

Photo by Natasha Manitoba

Ivory and Stacy Keibler, serve as adjuncts to the all-male main events. For the most part, women merely appear as handmaidens—"valets" is the preferred term—to the macho honchos.

The loosening of the W.W.E.'s death grip on the viewing public's eyeballs has inspired dozens of upstart wrestling "feds" (federations) that sponsor local matches around the country. Most feds are male, but some are "bush" leagues in the funkiest sense. In sports bars and small-scale fight arenas, a new wrinkle in professional wrestling is gaining momentum by capitalizing on what female wrestlers can offer fans and male wrestlers can't: namely, tits and ass.

Cunnilingus is not a legal wrestling maneuver, but the audience doesn't mind.

On a recent Thursday night in the small eastern Pennsylvania mountain town of Williamsport, a she-wolf pack of women warriors are revved up for their night in the wrestling ring. The fight is scheduled to take place at the Cellblock, a former prison that has been transformed into a sports bar. The customers inside the huge, foreboding, cut-stone, 1800s-vintage fortress are excited that a women's wrestling fed is in town. This particular federation is called Gorgeous Ladies of Outrageous Wrestling, or G.L.O.O.W. (www.gloow.com), which is not to be confused with Gorgeous Ladies Of Wrestling (G.L.O.W.), the over-the-top women's wrestling series that ran on TV in the 1980s. Beautiful Ladies of Wrestling (B.L.O.W.), a Web-based women's XXX wrestling show; Beautiful Babes of Wrestling (B.B.O.W.), another independent girls group that some of these women also wrestle for; and Glamorous Ladies of the Ring and Yard (G.L.O.R.Y.), an alliance of pro, semipro and backyard female wrestlers, offer similar fare to G.L.O.O.W.'s.

The G.L.O.O.W. girls have packed this strange, cavernous sports bar to the walls. While there may be very few dedicated wrestling fans present, the place is filled with locals eager to pound five or six beers and watch nearly naked babes pretend to beat the bejesus out of each other. Fittingly, the G.L.O.O.W. ring has been set up in a corner of the former prison yard, right where hangings used to be done.

Backstage, the bar manager is banging on the door for the G.L.O.O.W. girls to start the show, but "Steve the Sound Guy," a thuggishly hefty dude who pulls triple duty doing sound, announcing and filling in as a "heel" (wrestle speak for a villain), is still running down the evening's choreography.

"So I say, 'G. I. Ho, you been with this company for three years; you deserve a shot at the title. Come over here and shake my hand.' Then I hit you in the head with the belt, and you go down." Steve holds up an enormous, leather-and-brass championship buckler that looks as if it could stun a horse. "And I'm like, 'Well I guess *you* won't be in the title match tonight. But there *will* be a title match!' "

"And I jump up?" inquires G.I. Ho, a pretty, buff, 21-year-old, redheaded "face" (good guy) already dressed in her paramilitary "gimmick" (wrassling lingo for both a wrestler's costume and character) of skintight, camouflage shorts and top.

"No. You're selling that you're hurt. Then we bring in Casey the CPR Chick, and she does a dirty dance for about two minutes, then she gives you CPR."

"Yeah, get some pop [crowd reaction] outta that," G.L.O.O.W. manager Dan Kowal instructs Casey the CPR Chick, a pigtailed Christina Ricci lookalike who's wearing knee-high stomping boots, a miniskirt and a black leather dog collar.

"So, wait. Whattaya gonna do to me then?" Ho asks.

"I'm gonna hit you with the belt like this: *Wop!*" Steve says, bringing up the belt in a theatrical blow.

"Front or back of the head?" asks Ho.

"Front of the head," Kowal offers.

"Not the front," Ho declares.

"Okay, look. I'm gonna go like this: *Boom!*" Steve pantomimes, whacking her upside the head instead, which seemingly satisfies the finicky ham.

"So then Brittany the Schoolgirl and Schoolgirl Missy come out," Steve continues, "and I'm like, 'Just the girls I wanted to see! Battle of the schoolgirls!' That's the title match."

Brittany the Schoolgirl and Schoolgirl Missy, both in gimmicks

Keri Windsor and Aria wrestle over a dildo after the show.

making them look like a jackoff artist's jizz dream of parochial-school sluts, simply nod their affirmation.

"So, guys, what's the end?" asks Ho.

"The end is Amanda Storm versus Alexis Laree versus Steve and Schoolgirl Missy," Kowal explains. "But Steve and Missy are on the outside of the ring; so it's just Amanda workin' Alexis. Then we'll send in G.I. Ho and Thai beatin' the shit outta Steve and, uh, Thai gets to win again."

"Okay, everybody, good luck! Everybody in character!" shouts the ref girl, clapping her hands and herding the group toward the ring.

"Hey, you know what I just realized?" a reporter murmurs to Thai "Killer" Weed, a pretty, petite blonde who's making final adjustments to her fringed, leather, chaps-and-bra getup that somehow perfectly complements her wrestling character of a wild 'n' crazy pothead girl.

"What?"

"Wrestling's fixed!"

"*Shhh!* Quiet about that."

W.W.E. entrepreneur Vince McMahon is widely and justifiably credited with ushering in the mid-1980s "mania" era of pro wrestling, catapulting the business into a billion-dollar success story by pouring on the flash—rock music, soap-opera storylines and big-boobed babes sashaying throughout the arena. Now that the business has gone into one of its periodic slumps, a certain flaw in McMahon's logic has become painfully clear.

"Vince McMahon made the business what it is today," says Kowal. "But on the other hand, the problem with what he did is, he pushed the envelope so much that the business has nowhere else to go!"

Which isn't completely true. There is, for example, the direction in which Kowal and a number of other entrepreneurs are taking the sport. While the W.W.E. is held hostage to its own mass audience and must remain family-rated or risk its franchise, Kowal's G.L.O.O.W. shows play in sports bars, strip clubs and fight arenas, mainly in Pennsylvania and New Jersey but also as far south as Florida and as far west as Chicago.

Carefully testing the limits of what local ordinances allow, Kowal and associates go for the grunge. G.L.O.O.W. girls do the same body slams, flying-scissor locks, dropkicks and sleeper holds as the big-time players of the W.W.E., but they also add various forms of soft- and hard-R raunch. Since many of the wrestlers are not-so-ex-strippers, Hooters girls and cocktail waitresses, they know how to work a crowd erotically.

A significant number of the women have received pro wrestling training from such esteemed agony academies as Killer Kowalski's school in St. Malden, Massachusetts. They also deliver—depending on how far a particular venue will allow them to go—skimpy costumes, titty flashing, dildo play, oil wrestling and sex-charged grappling in chocolate syrup, with the winners forcing the losers to submit to whipped cream lick-outs.

"We have a concept called the dildo-on-the-pole match," Kowal says. "We put a dildo on a pole that hangs next to the ring, and the first girl to get it and beat her opponent with it wins."

Dames fighting for a rubber phallus may not exactly be a Shakespearean plot, and G.L.O.O.W.'s production budgets and venue sizes don't come anywhere near the gaudy glam of a W.W.E. live show. Still, during their sports bar performance in far-flung Williamsport, Pennsylvania, the G.L.O.O.W. girls project a crazed spirit and contagious enthusiasm that tends to win over their happy, beery and admittedly uncritical crowds.

Recently, women's wrestling took the next logical step from cheesecake to soft-core porn and beyond. Promoter Kowal has matched—or mated—his G.L.O.O.W. wrestlers with a contingent of West Coast women known as the Pussy World Order (P.W.O.) to battle under an umbrella organization called Women's Extreme Wrestling (www.wextremew.com). If the hierarchical structure seems complex, the result is pretty basic. W.E.W. delivers extremely sexy wrestling via live shows, pay-per-view performances, Web sites and videocassettes.

"It's quite simple, really," porn-director-turned-women's-wrestling entrepreneur John T. Bone observes. "On the Net, the number one business is porn, and the number two business is wrestling. The concept of tying them together is a little too delicious to pass up."

Bone has put his mouth where the money is and joined W.E.W. His mission is to take a decidedly mindless form of mass entertainment and dumb it down even further by heating it up.

"It's really quite the no-brainer," Bone reflects with breezy British charm. The veteran porn auteur produces hard- and soft-core videotapes of the women's wrestling events—soft for distribution via pay-per-view, and hard for sale on videocassette.

"Millions of people watch W.W.E. wrestling," he says. "They see those hot W.W.E. babes in their skimpy costumes, and 90% of the audience is praying their tits'll fall out. Well, we guarantee it."

The Viking Hall crowd is going wild in this South Philly *Rocky*-style fight arena, and with good reason. Tara Titanium has just booted Krissy Kiss's bleached-blond booty out of the ring. Krissy's "angle" (wrestling plot or storyline) is that she's a face who has recently been seduced into total sluttery by the aggressive lesbos of the Pussy World Order. Tara body-slams the dazed Krissy, hoists her up by her crack and shoulders, then smashes her flat onto a folding table. For the fight's climax, Tara scurries up the entranceway column like a savage she-monkey of doom, leaps spread-eagle through space, and slams into Krissy, crushing both her and the table flat to the filthy floor. End of match.

Thai strides around the ring, flailing the dildo about, menacing slut after slut.

Now the real fun begins: Babes body-slam, power-bomb, butt-slap and titty-strip each other. Viking Hall's raw-around-the-edges, working-class crowd howls with joy. Next up is mannish, Killer Kowalski-trained Amanda Storm. Storm enters the ring, struts around, climbs up on the ropes and coldly, methodically spits white lungers onto the crowd, daring guys to come into the ring so she can kick the living fuck out of them. In reply, she receives plenty of cursing and screaming, but no takers.

Amanda takes on cammy-clad G. I. Ho. Storm's a heel, of course, and she pounds the piss out of Ho, smacking her to the mat with her legs spread wide and bashing her with one sneaky illegal shot after another, all of which Isis, the bountiful-bootied Latina referee, seems to miss. Finally, Storm tosses Ho's tattered twat right out of the ring.

Suddenly, it's payback time. Dazed but determined, Ho manages to grab a folded metal chair from the audience and smash it into Storm's head. Ho follows up by hauling the bitch's heinie back into the ring for the pin. The ref proves that, whatever educational shortcomings she may have, she can count to three, and Storm is out.

Other matches follow: West Coast Pussy World Order babes battle the local girls. Once the bouts end, all the women on the card, P.W.O. and G.L.O.O.W. alike, pile back onto the stage for a battle royal, W.E.W.-style. The girls eat up the crowd's adoring howls and go at each other, not so much wrestling as freestyling with their jugs abundantly flapping. Thai "Killer" Weed, who won the long purple double-dong from the dildo-on-a-pole contest, strides around the ring, flailing the faux cock about, menacing slut after slut with the floppy monstrosity. Face-sitting and tit-licking have replaced the body slams and headlocks.

Adding porn performers to the straight-wrestling girl stock has spiced up the card. Tonight the Pussy World Order is in the house, lending a degree of raunchy rowdiness not present at G.L.O.O.W.-only events.

Backstage, in the big, bright dressing room, there's plenty of sweaty nakedness. Wrestling may be fake, but the hard, physical work is extremely real, and deodorant failure is an absolute given. Tons of tits are fished out for the promo-shot cameras. Four P.W.O. babes push G. I. Ho flat on her back on the filthy floor, her legs cocked back over her shoulders. Keri Windsor and brunet bad girl Aria suck and tongue Ho's crotch through her sweat-soaked shorts.

G. I. Ho relaxes and enjoys the attention, but for only a few moments. Her boyfriend has seemingly decided that he doesn't like his Ho engaging in such displays. One cannot help but wonder how long this relationship will last, since it's notoriously hard to keep a good woman from going down.

Face-sitting and tit-licking have replaced the body slams and headlocks.

"Hey, Jack! Do that thing with your balls," Aria calls to her young husband from across the room.

Jack is a long, lean, friendly lad. He turns away, unzips and adjusts himself, then turns back and strolls over with a smile. Jack's extremely large, droopy, reddish nut sac swings low outside his open fly, while his penis is still tucked away inside his trousers. At first, his low-hanging balls appear to be fake, but on second inspection, they are definitely Jack's real testicles.

"My God," one of the women says appreciatively, "is the rest of him in proportion?"

"It's great when he does this at a party," Aria says with fondness and quiet pride. "Guys never notice because they never look down at another guy's crotch, but the women are all like, '*Whoa!*' " Her girlfriends laugh. "Hey, G. I. Ho!" Aria calls. "Come give my husband a kiss! On the cheek."

"I can't," G. I. Ho calls back. "My boyfriend'll kill me."

Meanwhile, Thai "Killer" Weed is speaking to John T. Bone. "John? You *will* get me another strap-on, right?" the petite, blond-cornrowed Weed burbles cheerfully.

Bone has assembled a team of blue-screen starlets to populate the P.W.O. and star in the explicit video moments he shoots to be interspersed into the wrestling footage.

After one recent show, the designated hard-core hitters are blond Keri and brunet Aria. The venue for their interlude is the back seat of an enormous white stretch limo, which ferries the doxy ringers, along with a camera crew, still photographers, a reporter and, of course, Bone himself, from the arena to an undisclosed location in a certain Northeastern city.

The gas-guzzling slut barge parks somewhere in the desolate midnight wasteland. Aria and Keri are given the green light, and the camera rolls. The girls kiss, grope, giggle and remove each other's clothes. They are either amazingly good actresses, or all the tumbling in the ring has actually amped them up erotically. In either case, the effect is the same: a sterling sapphic performance. Keri sucks and plunge-fucks Aria's twat with her amazing cock-size tongue. The effect is so striking that the big, pink-jelly strap-on she puts to Aria's pussy seems almost irrelevant. Perhaps Aria's orgasmic shrieks and shakes are some erotic extension of pro wrestling-style trickery. Fake or not, the woman performs like a champ.

While the concept of grafting women's wrestling to hard-core pornography is too delicious to pass up, this horny, sex-and-violence hybrid—porn-ified wrestling or wrestle-fied porn—by its very X-rated nature, will never be ready for prime time. At best, XXX wrestling is niche-market material, although the niche to be filled is a great big, juicy one.

When asked what her plans, hopes, ambitions and dreams are, Thai "Killer" Weed thinks for all of half a second and replies, "I didn't start wrestling to get famous or make a lot of money. I just started 'cause I like to do it. It's therapy for me. It's just that I wanna wrestle. Simple as that."

OLD-TIMER: FABULOUS MOOLAH

Female grappling leagues have existed since professional wrestling's origins in turn-of-the-century vaudeville/tent shows. *The Fabulous Moolah: First Goddess of the Squared Circle* (HarperCollins), the just-published biography of Lillian Ellison, offers a first-hand account of chick wrassling's early years. A veteran pro wrestler now in her late 70s, Ellison started her career in 1949 as a ring girl for male wrestlers, dressed as a slave in a skimpy leopard-skin ensemble. Ellison soon burst her chains and became a wrestler under the name "Fabulous Moolah."

Ellison was born in Tookiedoo, South Carolina, the youngest of 13 children (all the rest were boys). Her mother died when she was just ten, and the future mat mama grew up in a roughneck, all-male household. Dad used to take her to Saturday night wrestling matches, and when Ellison saw the then-famous female wrestler Mildred Burke, she finally had a woman she could idolize. Beginning in the 1950s, Ellison trained girls in her wrestling school in South Carolina. She was recognized as the undisputed Women's Champ of the National Wrestling Alliance in 1956, and held the title for 28 years. She still teaches, and in 1999 had a "comeback" bout in the W.W.E. against the women's champ at the time, Ivory. Ellison describes the unkind words of TV announcer Jerry Lawler as she entered for the bout:

"'Can you imagine losing your championship to a senior citizen like that?' Jerry said on national TV when the camera focused on me in the ring. 'The only thing worse than that would be losing your virginity to one!'"

Them was fightin' words, according to Ellison.

"Just then, Ivory jumped into the ring and made another mistake. She opened her big mouth. 'You got it comin', and you're gonna get it from a real champ tonight!' she screamed at me, babbling like a catfish: all mouth and no brains."

Did the grand old champion come from behind to astonish the crowd by winning back her belt from the arrogant young upstart that night? Ah, go read the damn book.

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(continued from page 78) ground, directly in front of the Branch Davidian guns. If they were setting us up for a slaughter, this was the best way. As we stumbled along, Kirk Tinker—the only other agent nearby with a long gun—and I hung back behind the others in case we had to return fire.

Halfway across the field, one of the agents, overcome with pent-up rage, turned and screamed at the Davidians, "Fuck you, you assholes!" I tensed, but nothing happened.

To our left, an ambulance crawled down the driveway toward the compound, an ATF agent behind the wheel.

The ambulance crew was scared. I didn't blame them. At any moment, I expected flying lead to rend the air.

Along the driveway, we packed the wounded into the back of the ambulance. There were so many injured agents, there wasn't room for the dead. I helped stuff the lifeless body of New Orleans SRT member Rob Williams into the ambulance's front seat beside the driver, but Williams was too big; so we had to dangle his legs out the open window. Todd and Conway's corpses went into the bed of a pickup truck an agent had found somewhere; I rode in the back with the two dead agents. I think Steve Willis's body was carried by hand.

At the road fronting the compound, the ambulance crew took over. Understandably, the wheelman refused to drive with Rob's body riding shotgun. We dumped Williams out onto the side of the road so the ambulance could carry the wounded to the hospital.

An agent, overcome with pent-up rage, screamed at the Davidians, "Fuck you, you assholes!"

Eventually, an agent commandeered a news photographer's Ford Bronco, and I helped lift Rob's body into the back.

My hands were soaked in blood.

Also on the road, Ken King, the supervisor who fell from the roof into the courtyard, lay on a gurney waiting to be loaded into a helicopter for a medevac flight to a Waco hospital. He'd been shot to pieces. I thought for sure that Ken was going to die, but he had a secret weapon: He simply refused to give up.

After the dead and wounded were shipped out, most of us loaded onto a bus and drove to a nearby community center, where someone passed out dry socks and ammo.

Someone announced that we were going back to the compound. An hour later, we climbed back onto the bus, but instead of going to the Branch Davidian stronghold, we were driven to our cars. A short time after that, we checked into a hotel.

I took a shower and washed off the blood. That night, several other agents and I went out to dinner—almost as if nothing had happened.

* * *

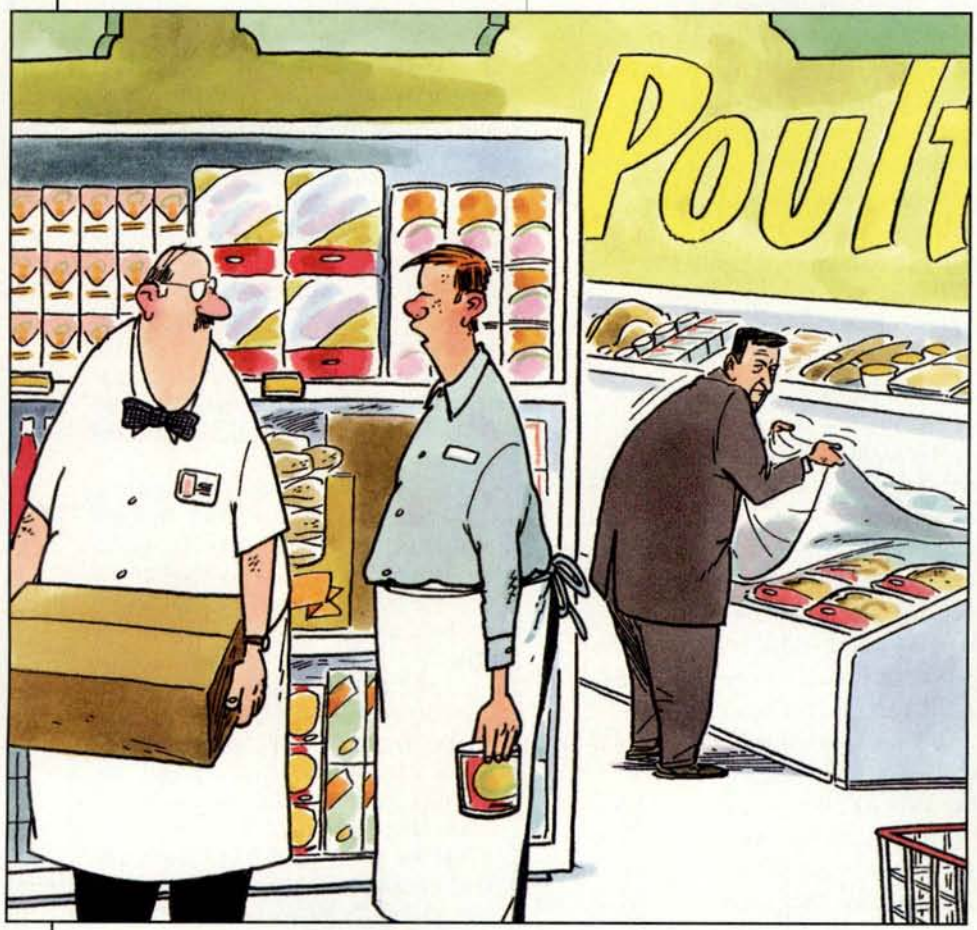
The ATF raid on the Davidian compound resulted in the bloodiest shootout in U.S. law-enforcement history. The operation cost four ATF agents their lives, and 20 more were wounded. Six cult members died, and an unknown number were injured.

Fifty-one days after the shootout, flames consumed the Branch Davidian compound, killing dozens of men, women and children.

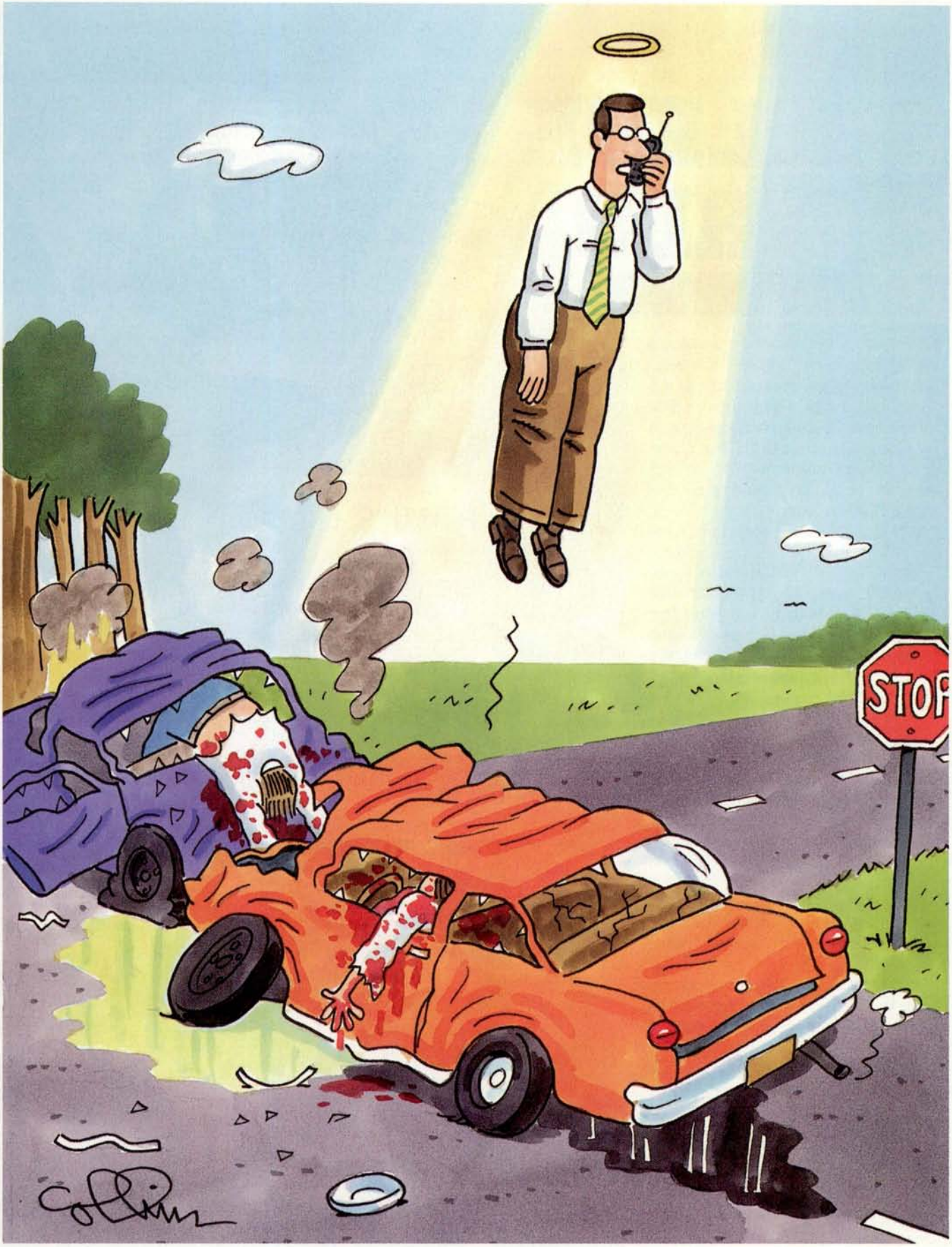
From the compound, investigators recovered hundreds of guns, among them, 50 illegal machine guns, 21 silencers and four live hand grenades.

Yet even before the ashes cooled, conspiracy theories raged, fed by the paranoid fantasies of crackpots on AM radio, fax-network operators and Internet chatters. Over the years, I've heard that we went there to destroy a secret, government-run methamphetamine lab. Another lie was that all the agents were killed by "friendly fire." Some theorists have even gone so far as to say the agents were killed because they'd been President Clinton's bodyguards and knew too much about him.

Those of us who were there on February 28, 1993, know what happened. We went there to enforce federal law, to arrest a nut who'd convinced a bunch of other nuts that he was Jesus Christ, and who'd assembled a cache of illegal guns and explosives. The rest is just so much hot air, whether whispered around a gun-show table or bellowed in the halls of Congress.



"Sir, the attorney general is here again covering the chicken breasts."



"I'm losing you....Hello? Hello?"

Real COLLEGE GIRLS

Helena, 22, is working toward a master's degree in religion and ethics at San Diego State University. The busty grad student has already earned a BA in world history with a minor in foreign languages while maintaining a 4.0 GPA. Helena moonlights as a dancer and fancies the occasional dildo in her ass, more than earning her a place on the *Real College Girls* dean's list.

—Photo by Husband

A student spending time abroad in Leeds, Northern England, 24-year-old **Christina** enjoys traveling, camping, buying sex toys and scuba diving. Before Christina concludes her education, the collegiate babe would like to have "sex with another woman."

—Photo by Husband

Dallas, Texas, is home to the lovely **Brooke Starr**. The 21-year-old graphic-design major loves cycling, the nightlife, and checking out all the hot chicks and guys at the beach. Brooke's ultimate fantasy is to nail "three or more hot, sexy girls with a strap-on dildo."

—Photo by Friend

Huntington Beach, California, denizen **Giselle** is stimulated by computers, astronomy, art, writing, travel, scuba diving and muff-diving. The 22-year-old student/artist longs "to be bound, blindfolded and kidnapped by my husband and taken to a lavish room full of all our friends. They could all share me in an orgy that would put Nero to shame."

—Photo by Husband

Valkyrie is a freshman at Clayton College in Alabama. The 23-year-old university newbie is studying to be a naturopathic physician and spends her free time practicing massage therapy, yoga and reading. Valkyrie hopes to someday experiment with "bondage."

—Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS
$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $250 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2003 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to be in a HUSTLER video. Finalists score $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Real College Girls* or HUSTLER *Video College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $250 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Major **College** **Year** **GPA**

Best Sexual Experience in College (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date**

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $250 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

ANAL RETENTIVE

ASHLEY AND TRENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **MATTI KLATT**

I've never had anal sex. No, I'm not the people in these pictures. I'm a HUSTLER editor, writing this copy in my office. I've worked for Larry Flynt for three years and have never crammed my cock into a chick's shit canal. I'm not losing sleep over it, and you shouldn't, either. This pair looks like they're having fun, but don't feel left out just because you've never felt the squeeze of sphincters on your schlong. Besides, an unhealthy fixation with the rectum is sorta gay. One more thing; now that you know it's me writing this paragraph, try not to spurt any jizz on it, because that would be kinda gay too.

*Ashley plays dirty in **BARELY LEGAL #27**, **HOT SHOWERS #7** and **HUSTLER'S YOUNG SLUTS, INC. #8** VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.*

"Red-faced, the teen aimed his carbon-steel kielbasa and slipped almost all of it into my snatch with one long thrust."

(continued from page 43) that I would have spoiled the moment had I told him that I was already more than wet enough for the task.

Red-faced, the teen aimed his carbon-steel kielbasa and slipped almost all of it into my snatch with one long thrust. I mewed when Josh rocked his woody from side to side, trying to hide the last half inch of his johnson inside me. I eventually did accommodate him, and I don't think I injured myself.

I motioned to Cherie as Josh humped me hard; my girlfriend knelt dutifully behind him. Josh's jostling nuts tightened as he received his first rimjob. He'd been fucking me on his hands and knees, but now our boy toy flopped his head onto my chest and gnawed at my bouncing tits.

As the double-teamed teen quickened the pace of his bucking, I fixed my gaze on Cherie's ass, which rolled provocatively behind the prone, sweaty stud.

"Cherie," I moaned, wheezing from the steady pounding my internal organs took. "Finger yourself. No, from behind."

A boy at my breast, fucking me hard, as my lover inserted one finger in her drenched twat and another in her butthole—this is how I brought myself off before the 18-year-old. My stiff nipples stood out like erasers (not the kind on a pencil, but the ones sold at an art supply store). A wave of pure monkey-fuck instinct swept me as I came. Clawing at my chest, I squeezed Josh's face between my tits, screeching and hooting as his hips collided with mine.

I closed my eyes when the scene became too erotic to bear. The grunts and moans of my two fuckmates heightened my full-body pleasure spasm, until my rapid, uneven heartbeat drowned out their carnal vocalizations. I shook uncontrollably as Josh churned my love juices into a froth.

I was still quaking when the stud's first wad flooded the most remote regions of my womb. Shouting inarticulately, Josh pulled out, knocking Cherie back onto her lovely keister. What felt like several long blasts from a fire hose leapt from his dick and onto my knockers, stomach and, with a final mighty squirt, my clit.

One last jangle to my love bud was all it took to bring me to another climax—or was it a continuation of the same one? I'll leave that question to your readers.

Josh grinned oafishly as I flopped around on the carpet like a fish on the deck of a boat. As I calmed down, I saw my girlfriend make a displeased face.

"My tongue tastes like shit," Cherie winced. However, she cheered right up when I switched on PBS and told her to rim our guest in the bedroom while I recuperated.

There's a part of the brain that doesn't care about sexual orientation, or what's politic for a carpet-muncher in the public eye. I don't know if it's an urge to breed, to corrupt young adults or to spice things up with a longtime companion, but I'm absolutely thrilled to have a well-hung high school senior to share with Cherie. If she ever leaves me, she can have the house, and I'll take the dude. There's nothing like cock. —J. G.

Address Withheld

"You'll soon be with God, Mickey. By the way, sorry I used to cornhole you when you were an altar boy."

Oral Hygiene

To be honest, I think a lot of men who read HUSTLER shouldn't be thinking about 19-year-old college girls. I fucked one myself this past weekend, but that's okay, because I'm only 18 myself.

I have a taste for redheads—not the natural ones, but the brown-haired girls who soak their heads in a bowl of chemicals, or whatever it is they do to get black eyebrows and orange-tinged locks.

Verona was one of these henna-drenched lovelies. To her further credit, she was slender, but with a big ass that her plaid skirt didn't fully cover. I found her on the library steps, smoking and reading Thomas Mann. Her wide, painted lips moved slightly as she read, making me think about blowjobs.

It turned out that sucking cock wasn't far from Verona's mind, either. A few minutes after I'd introduced myself, we were in the library, searching through the stacks for an unoccupied study carrel. When we did locate a suitable nookie nook, I sat on the desk and let Verona hoover me from the comfort of the cubicle's fiberglass chair.

Henna-head buried her chin in my crotch and smiled up at me. My good-sized bone pulsed (continued on page 126)

"Okay, chief...Vice President Cheney is entering his undisclosed location."

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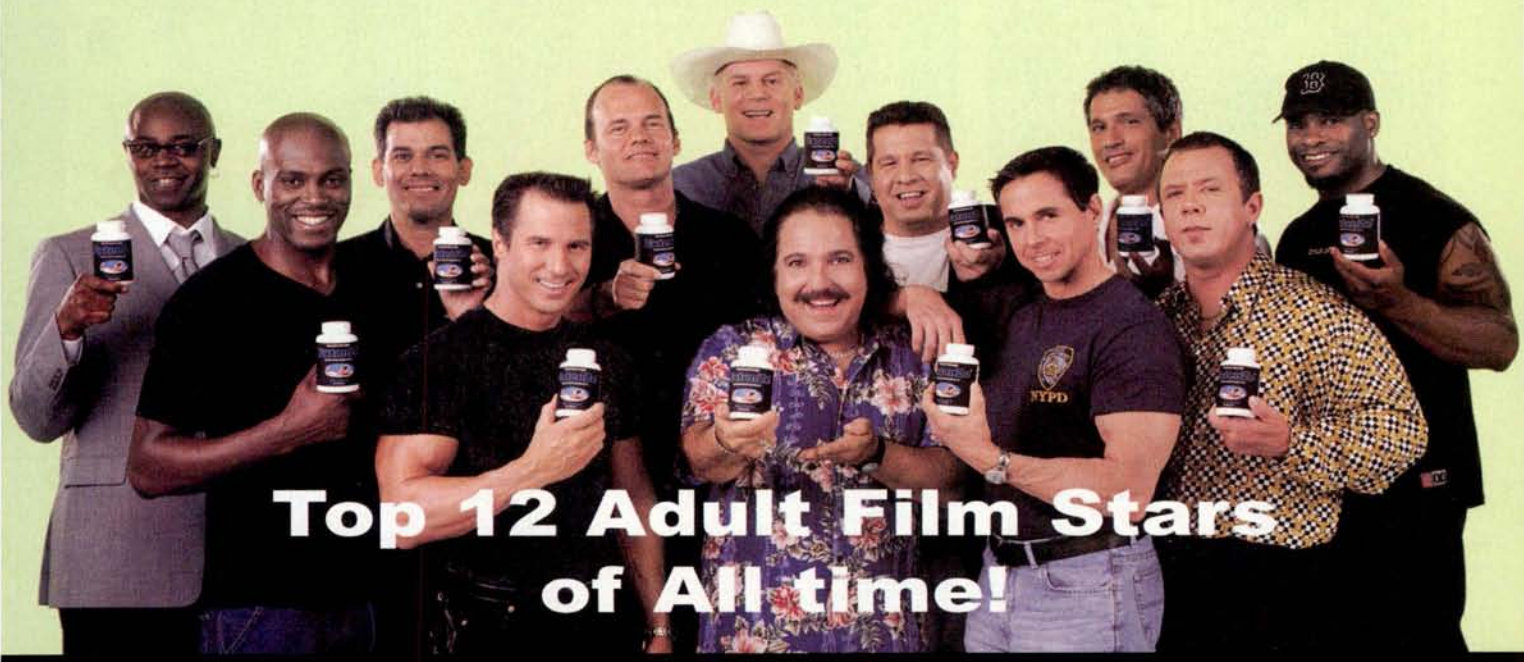

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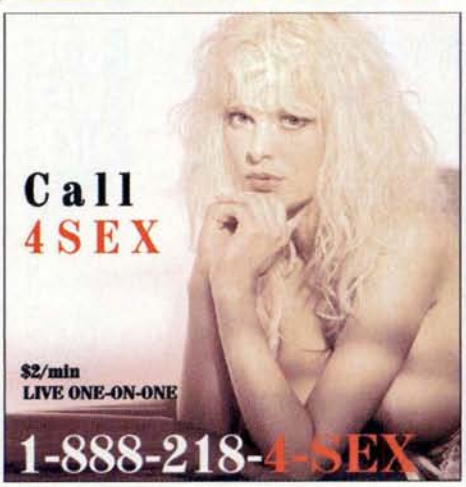
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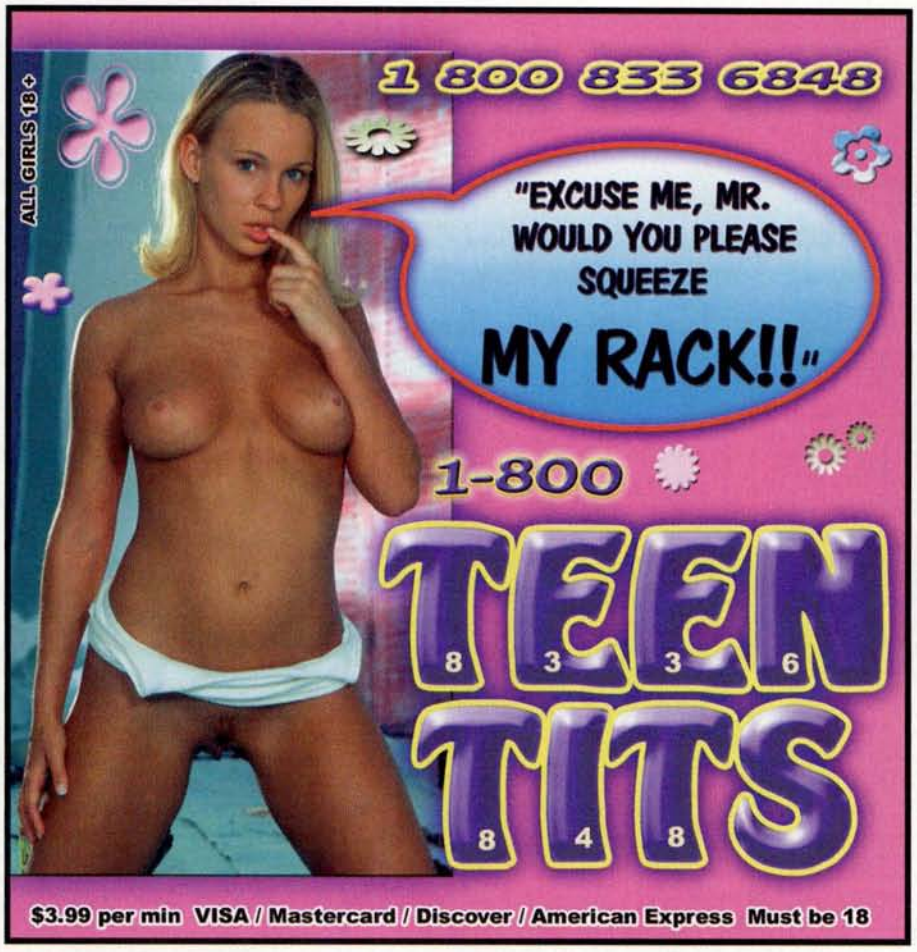

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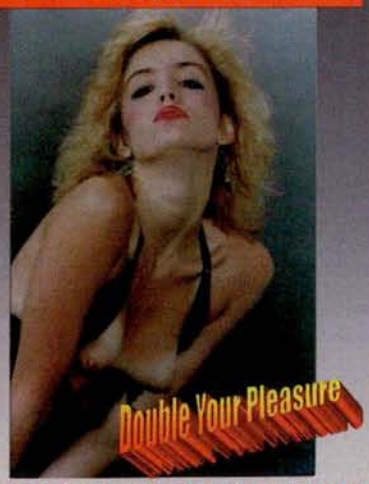

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#A76P

"My spuzz-swiller pursed her lips around the tip of my shuddering pud, and I jizz-blasted the remaining makeup from her face."

(continued from page 110) against her big, tobacco-stained teeth, framed by dark-red, plush lips. Verona teasingly shoved her tongue out along the underside of my stiff prick and wiggled it ever so slightly against my sac, prompting me to butt my rod into the tip of her nose.

"La-la-la," Verona sang, giggling and flirting with her tongue against my throbber. Weary of her shenanigans, I grabbed her head, laced my fingers into her curly, coppery hair and planted my cock into her silly yap. As I suspected, the taunting cutie knew how to use her mouth productively. Once she quit playing games, Verona slurped my dick like it was made of ice cream, slobbering along the length of my tool. She worked the tip against the inside of one cheek, then the other, then slammed it against the back of her throat. Her artificially colored tresses flounced around like an exotic, long-haired variety of Muppet.

Verona gurgled and cooed as I fucked her face; I doubt she was aware of the noises she made. Even for a college student, she seemed a little ditsy. I suspect her lips moved not only when she read, but also when she watched the news. At least I knew she wasn't faking her enthusiastic vocalizations, judging by the sweaty smear her panties made against her chair.

Verona's slobbery lipstick painted my cock red. I could feel about a quart of cum preparing to leave my balls, urged along by the point of her chin. My impromptu spuzz-swiller pursed her lips around the tip of my shuddering pud, and I jizz-blasted the remaining makeup from her face.

Standing, the frosted strawberry cupcake pulled a small plastic container of breath strips from her book bag and arched a gooey eyebrow. "I bet I can suck a second wad out of you in five minutes," she said.

"You're on," I panted. What else would I say?

Verona parted her sexy lips, put three green leaves of concentrated mouthwash between them and lay back on the floor under the small cubicle.

I removed my pants and squatted over her sticky face, letting her eyelashes tickle my balls. Her minty breath brought my dick back to life.

Leaning forward, I dropped my stiffening meat into her mouth and removed the pussy-soaked panties that still lay between her pale thighs.

Verona's twat shone with moisture. Her meaty, pink nether lips splayed open invitingly. I buried my face into her thick, wet flaps and sampled some of the sweetest girl-juice I've had yet.

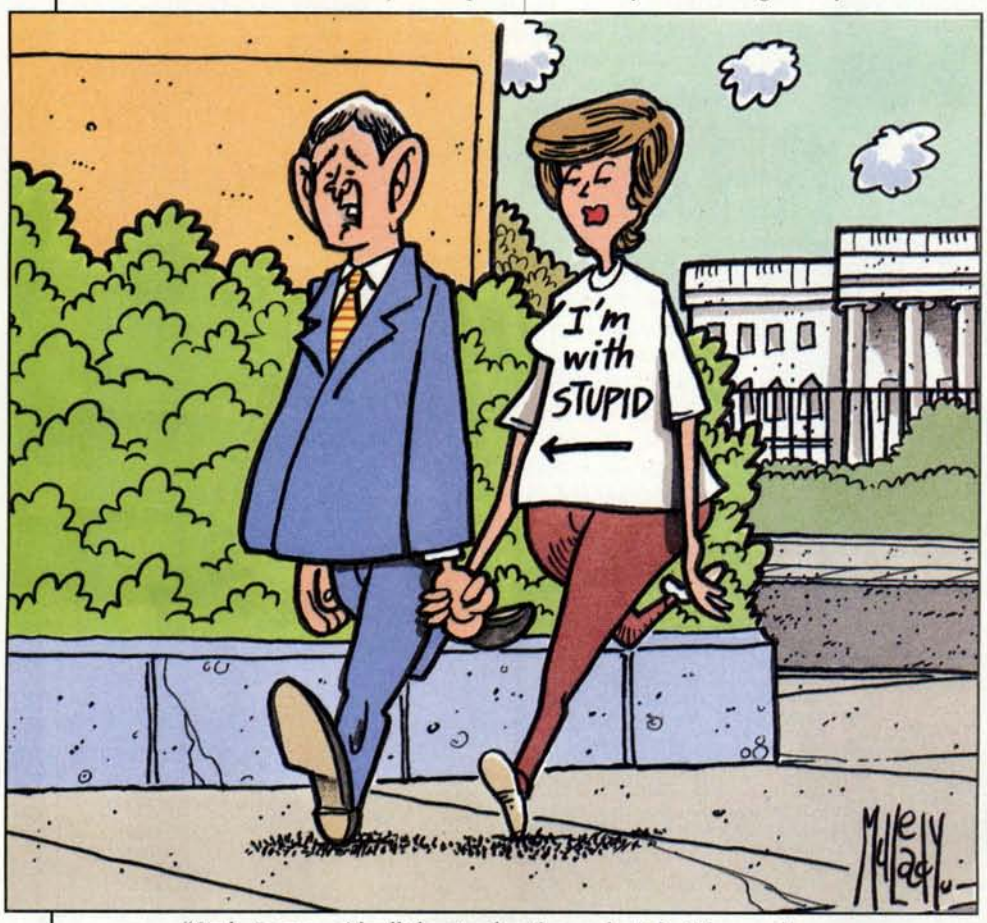
When I was in junior high, some asswipe smeared liniment into my jockstrap. My copper-topped fellatrix's saliva produced a similar searing sensation along my cock and balls, only nicer. As I slammed my iron-hard prong into the redhead's face, I corkscrewed my tongue deep into her wet, fragrant hole and let my chin slide over Verona's bulging clit.

Whoever was on the floor below us must have thought there was construction going on. It was the sound of me lifting a big-assed girl by the hams as we 69ed and letting her drop to the floor again when the tip of my tongue touched her cervix. I don't know what people in the next study carrel thought as Verona's ankle boots pounded against the wall, but for all I know there was a cluster fuck next door, anyway.

The smell of mouthwash and pussy enveloped us as we ground together. With my dick on fire and my cute redhead's button nose shoved between my nuts, I barely noticed her howling climax as she smeared an extra dollop of girl-syrup on the lower half of my face. Verona's back arched underneath me. The squalling, spasming vixen almost choked on my mint-scorched boner.

As my nuts jettisoned their load, I looked toward Verona's chin just in time to see her mouth fill with spoo so quickly that excess scuzz burbled back around my cock and onto her chin. I'm pretty sure my second pop came in at something under five minutes, but I didn't time it. The ache in my emptied balls proved one thing, though: For blowjobs, those breath strips beat Altoids all to hell. —N. B.

Waltham, Massachusetts



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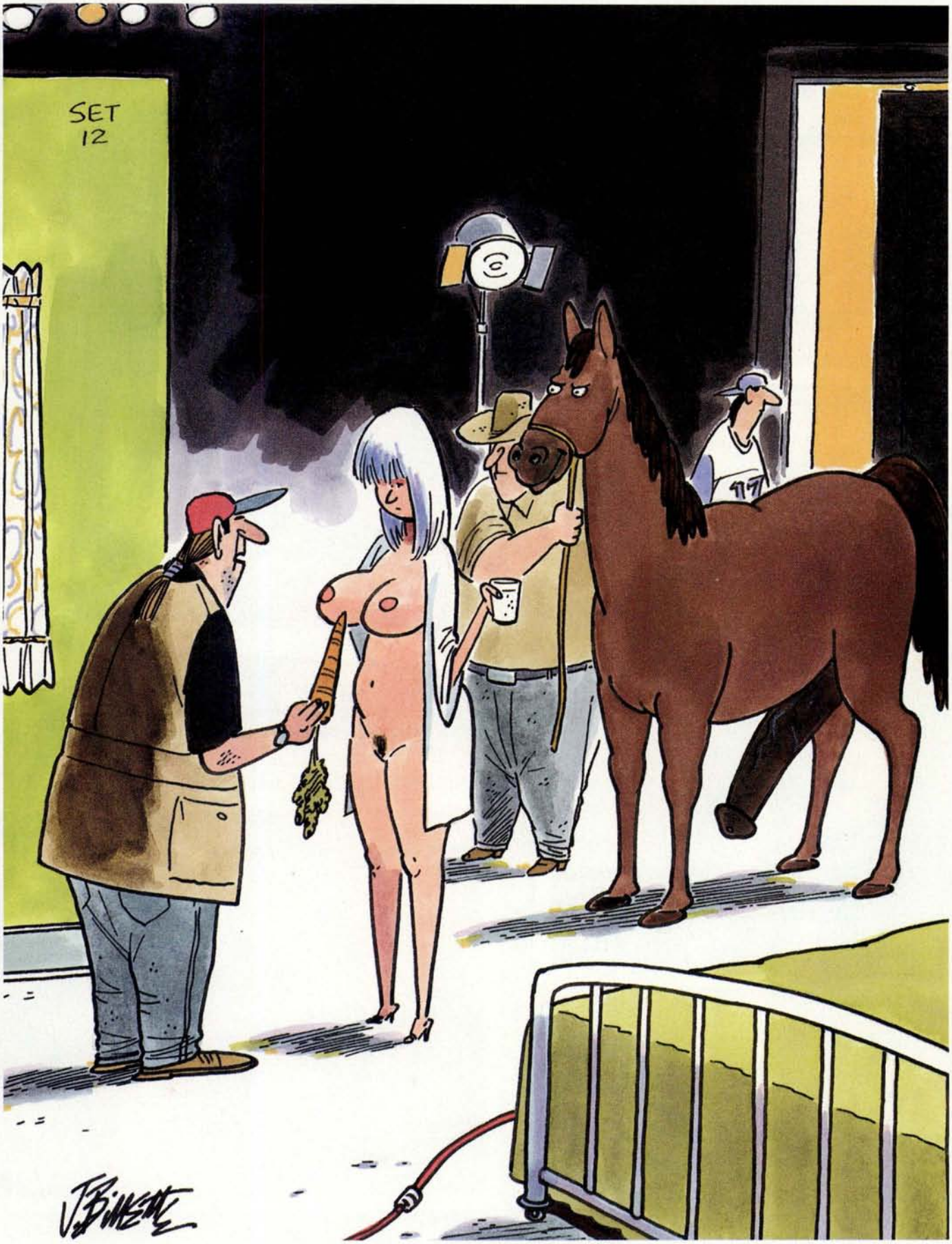

"Ready to meet your co-star?"

BEaVeR HUnt

Cleveland, Ohio's Reena is dying to fuck "in a doctor's office or on an airplane." The 33-year-old amateur model and dancer loves traveling and hanging out with friends.
—Photo by Friend

Traveling, dancing and flirting are just a few of Special Kay's favorite pastimes. The 28-year-old Dayton, Ohio, secretary fantasizes about "fucking my husband on a sunset sail with the captain and first mate watching."
—Photo by Husband

Melissa, 25, is a dancer from Killeen, Texas. The pierced Lone Star-state piece enjoys swimming, shopping and traveling, and yearns to "have sex in the middle of a restaurant." *—Photo by Friend*

Switch, 34, is a model from Dallas, Texas, who enjoys music, art and computers. The sultry brunette longs to "make love in the rain." *—Photo by Friend*

Wind-Fire, a 27-year-old Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, stock clerk, enjoys hiking, camping, fishing, swimming and photography. A fantasy fuck with "a strange man" who "takes me into his arms" keeps Wind-Fire feeling frisky. *—Photo by Friend*

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Suntanning, swimming and motocross keep Princess, 32, of San Mateo, California, hot, wet and ready for action. Her highness, who opted not to list a career, yearns to be royally screwed by "two girls and my boyfriend."
—Photo by Boyfriend

Janelle, 36, is a nude dancer from San Diego, California. Gambling and traveling both interest Janelle, but her carnal attentions are focused on "sex in the Oval Office." Don't worry, Janelle; there's little doubt that George W. will fuck us all soon.
—Photo by Friend

Bambridge, Ohio's Shannon, 26, likes to work hard, swim and play softball. The blonde hopes to run her own day-care center and nail "two men out in public."
—Photo by Friend

Keleigh, 23, is an entertainer from Venice Beach, California, who digs writing and hanging out. As for sexual desires, Keleigh quips, "Whip me, bite me, beat me or fuck me. Just don't say you love me."
—Photo by Friend

A full-time exhibitionist, 26-year-old Karyn of Denver, Colorado, loves working out, nude sunbathing, boating, Harleys and sucking cock. When the Beaver isn't riding hogs or hogging rods, she dreams of convincing "a hot woman to join my man and I."
—Photo by Husband

Louisville, Kentucky's Amber loves nude horseback riding and hot-tub sex. The 30-year-old secretary wants to ball "on a haystack at night."
—Photo by Friend

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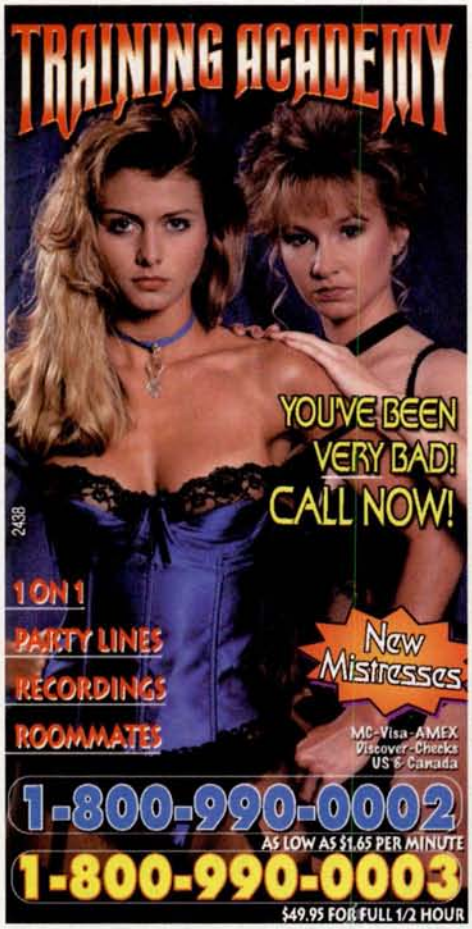

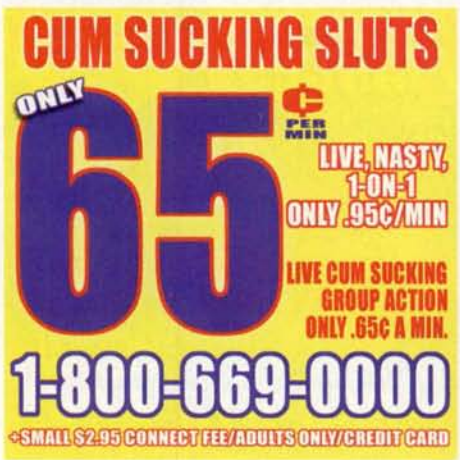
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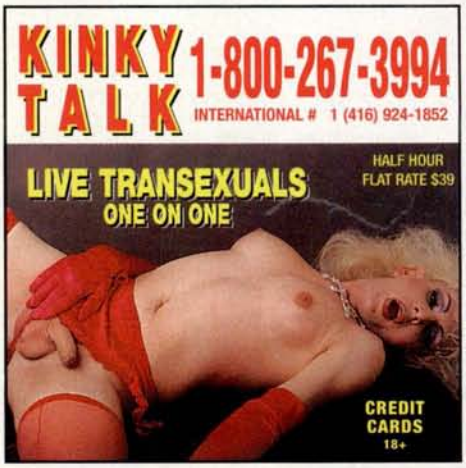

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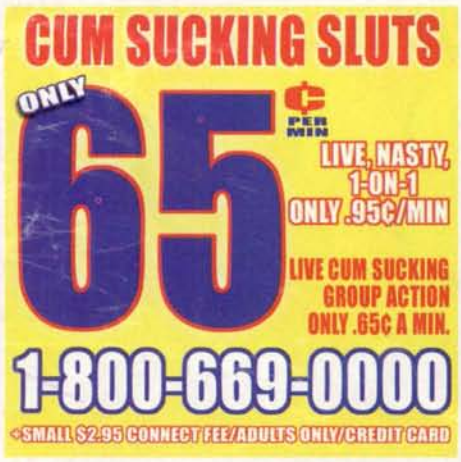
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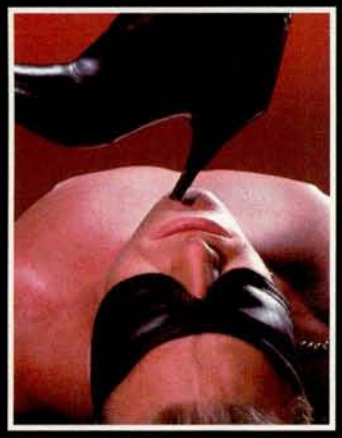

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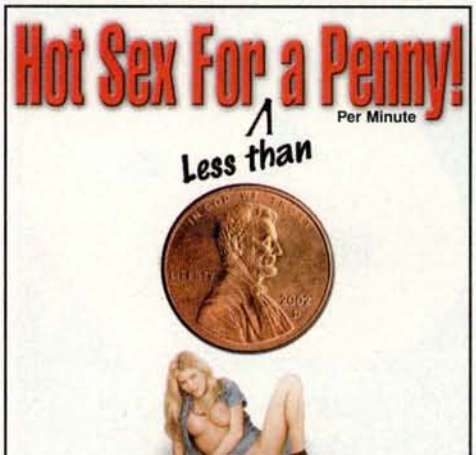

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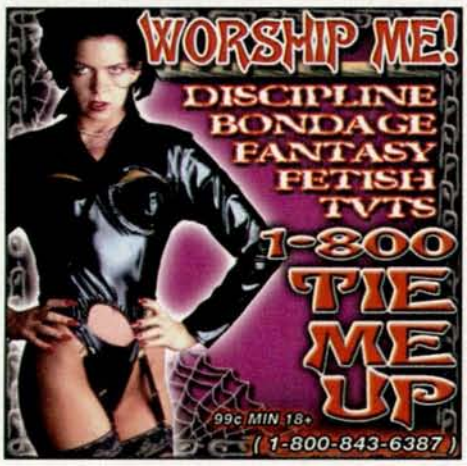
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1-800 TIE ME UP
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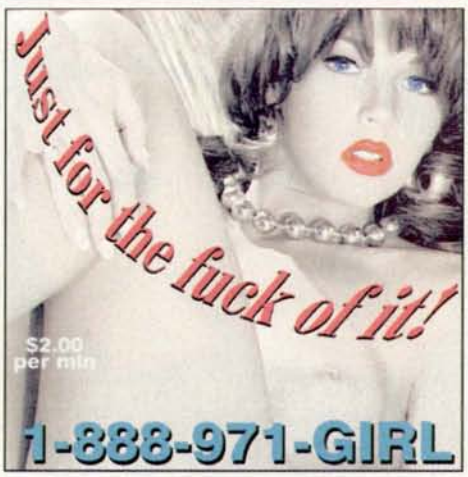
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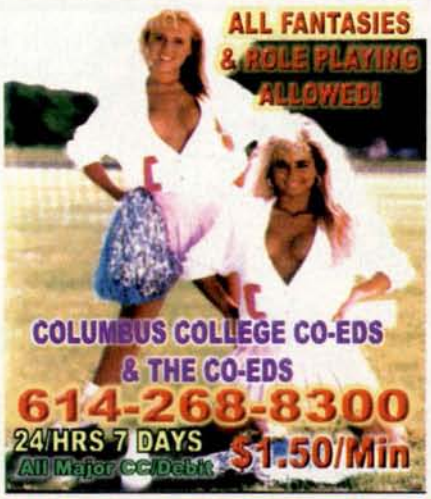
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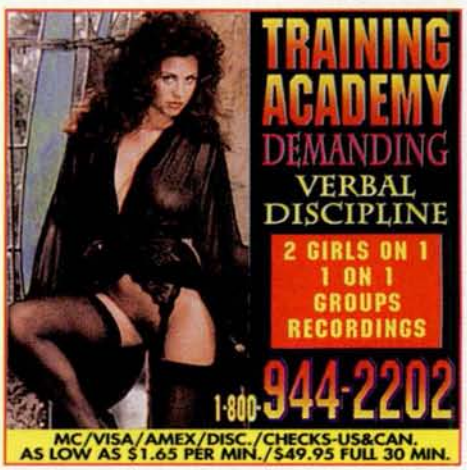
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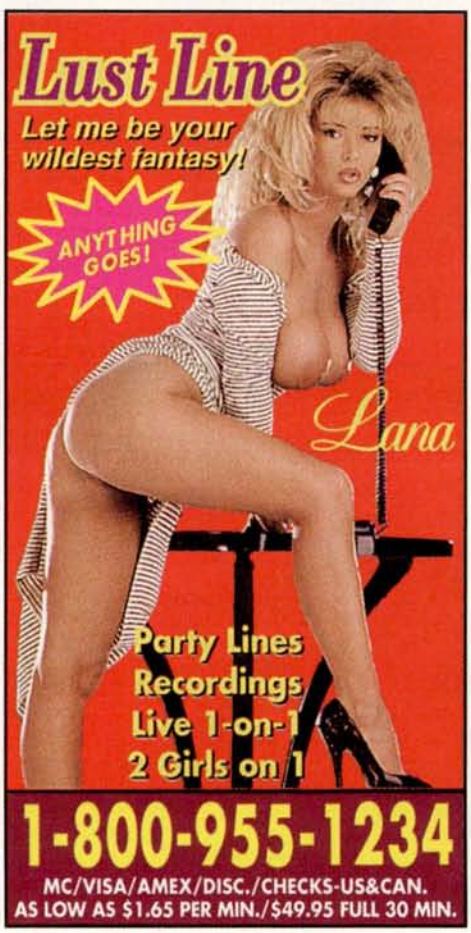
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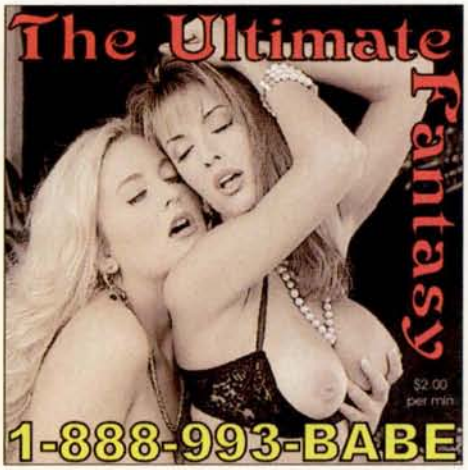

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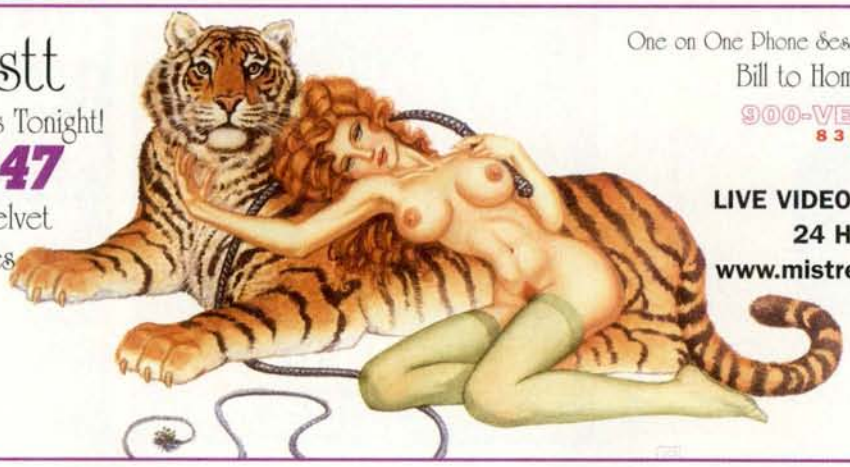

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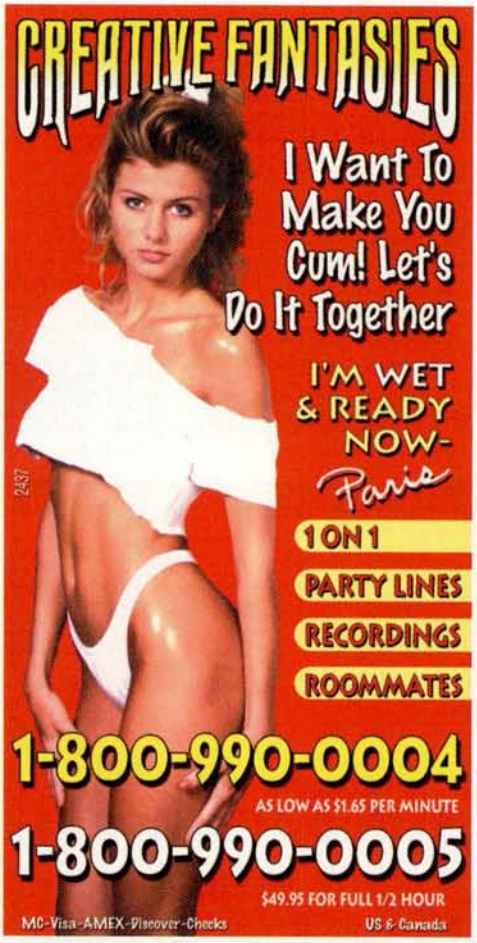
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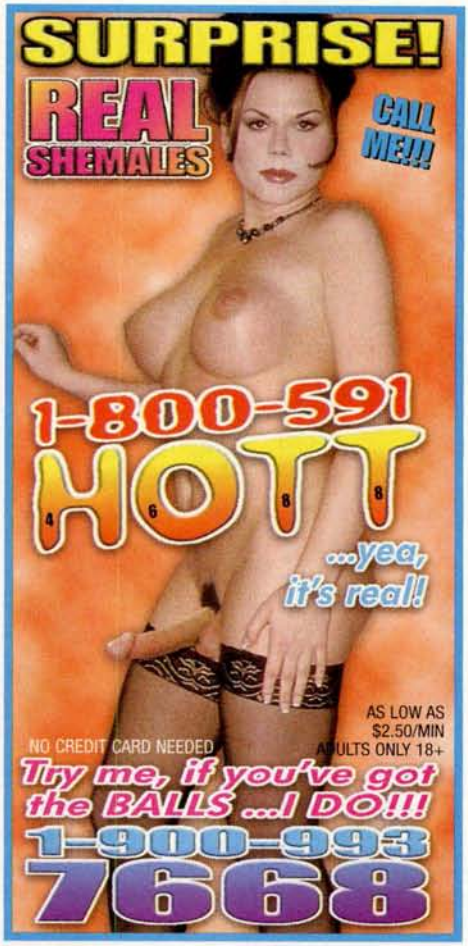
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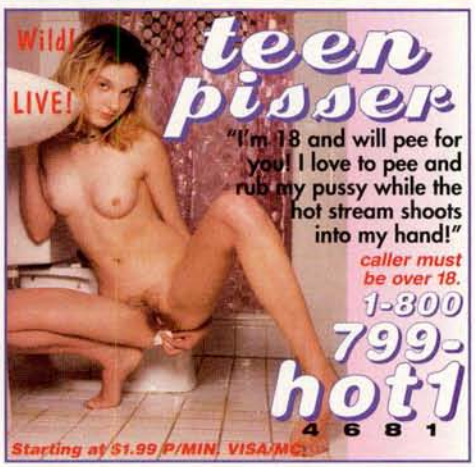
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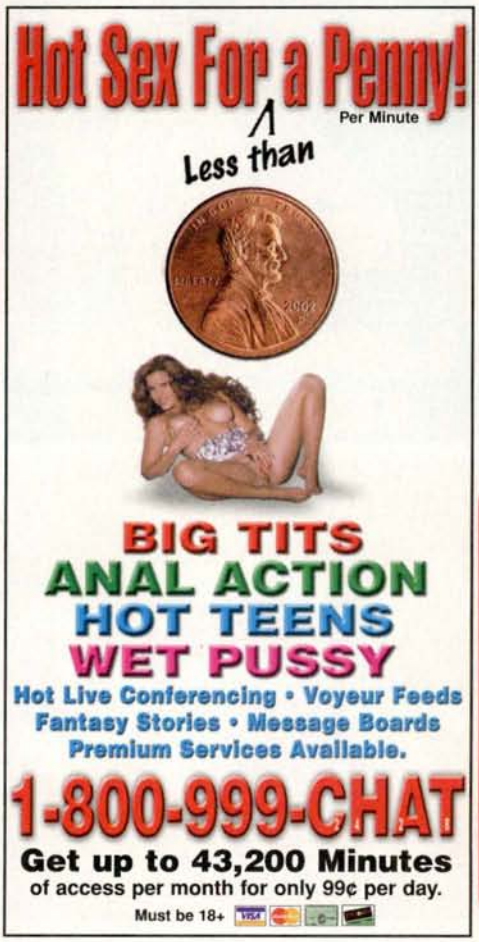

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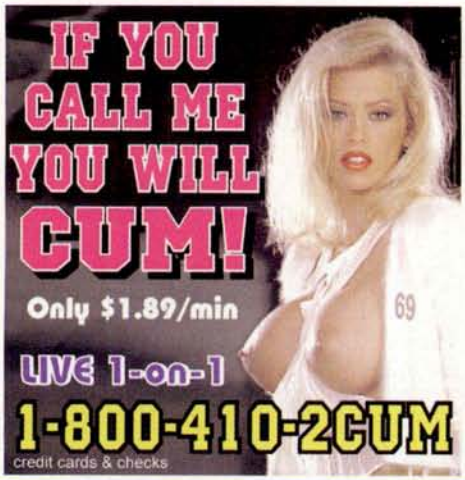
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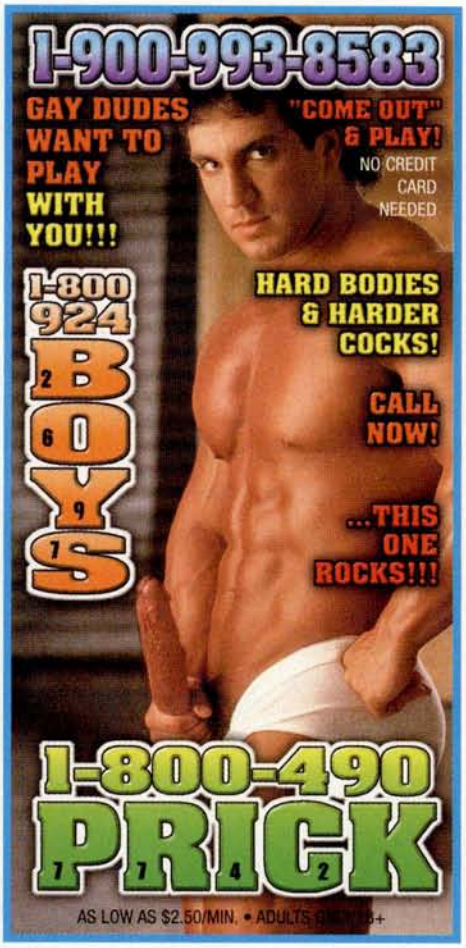
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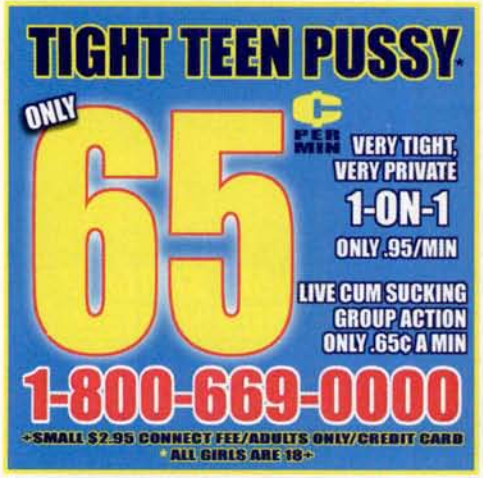
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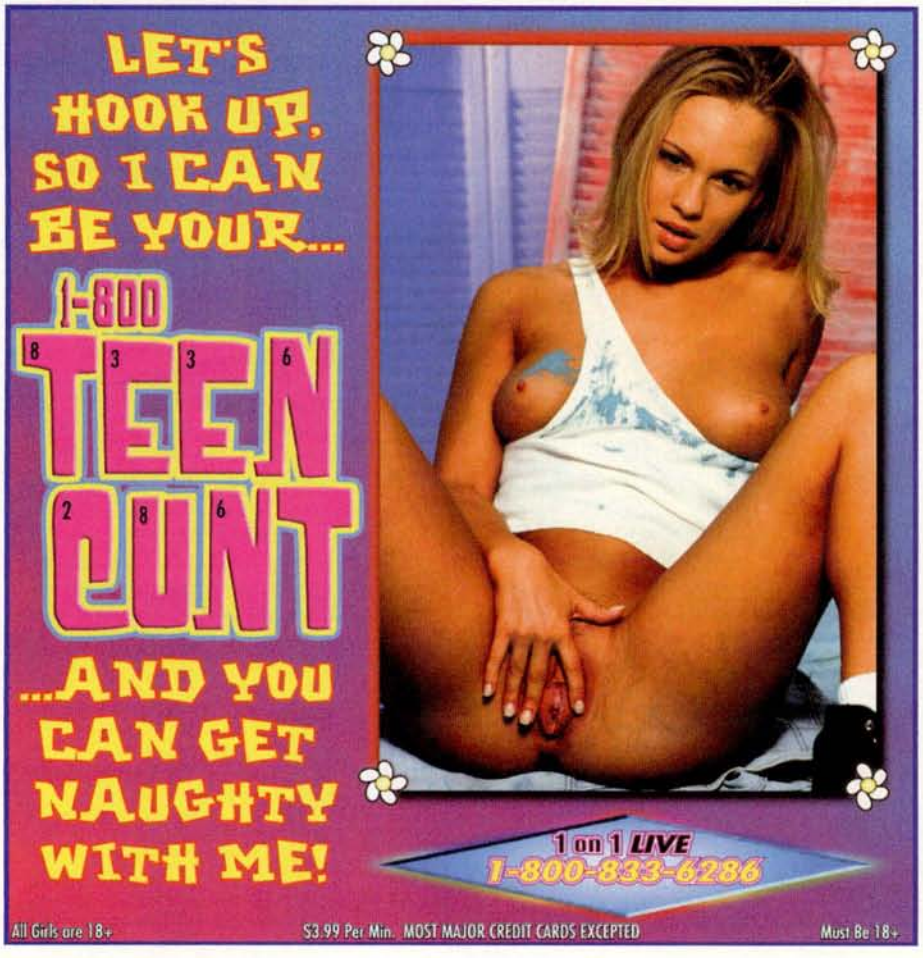
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Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 4 Inches!

"This pill really works. I am now a harder 9 inches, which makes me feel good about myself. Besides wanting to be bigger, I always got soft to soon. Now that doesn't happen anymore. I'm hard like a rock from start to finish. I don't stop until she says 'you are terrific' and cums right along with me." -JS, Ohio

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. How about when men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Your larger penis will give you the confidence to meet the challenge of any woman. Penetrate deeper and see just how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

The corpa cavernosa are the two spongy bodies of erectile tissue on either side of the penis. An erection is caused by blood filling the erectile tissues. But what if the erectile tissues were made larger? What if you could somehow expand the size of the erectile tissues? Then of course the erectile tissues would hold more blood and you would have a significantly larger penis. Blow up a balloon with more air and you have a larger balloon. Fill the erectile tissues with more blood and you have a larger penis. Without any effort on you part, without any exercising, pumping or stretching, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissues longer and wider and fill the erectile tissues with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 4 inches in what has been described as a miracle. **You can make that miracle happen.** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL and we GUARANTEE IT!

IS YOUR PENIS SIZE AVERAGE?

You probably have heard or read somewhere the average penis size is about 6 inches. If your penis is 6 inches and you want to be average then don't read any further. But if your not satisfied with an average or less then average size penis, the PRO+PLUS PILLS will help you grow up to 4 inches and it is perfectly safe and it is your secret because you can take the PRO+PLUS PILLS without anyone knowing that you are taking it.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the most noticeable change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. Then after a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. As you stand in front of a mirror you will be amazed even without an erection how your penis wil 'hang' longer and thicker. After the third month when you have an erection you will see a very noticeable change. Not just in size but your penis will look firmer, stronger then you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY IS THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. Combining the formulations of the type of herbs found in many parts of the world that can enlarge the penis erectile tissues. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between a 7, 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

WHAT WILL THE PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 4 inches or more
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time. No more problems because you can't get it up and keep it up. PRO+PLUS PILLS will keep the blood flowing to your penis so you will always get hard and stay hard.
- Stronger and more intense orgasms
- Stop premature ejaculations
- Safely enhance the size of your penis.

WILL THE PENIS ENLARGEMENT BE PERMANENT?

Yes it is and you control the growth because once you reach your optimum size you could stop taking PRO+PLUS PILLS for Penis Enlargement. We say you could stop taking the PRO+PLUS PILLS because it is not necessary to be larger then 9 or 10 inches. Most women can only comfortably accommodate a 9 or 10 inch penis. Anything larger then that may be too large for most woman. Nine inches or more than 9 inches, the choice is yours.

DUAL ACTION EXCLUSIVE FEATURES!

Penis Enlargement and Continued Sexual Health!

Take PRO+PILLS first for Penis Enlargement to reach your optimum size. After that continue taking only one PRO+PILL daily to improve your sexual health, feel younger, increase sexual desire, gain more stamina and greater sexual pleasure. You can also take 2 PRO+PLUS PILLS before sex for the strongest, hardest erection you will ever have.

OUR OTHER SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE PILL!

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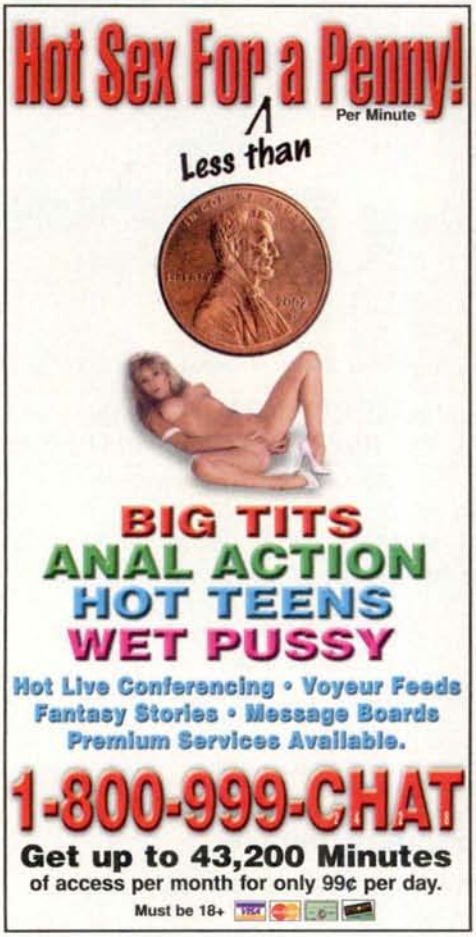
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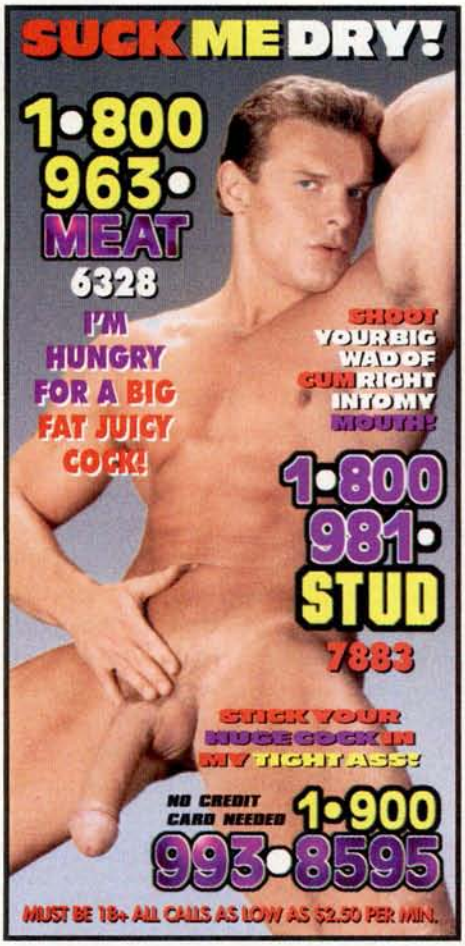
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Blood Lust

Menstruation Lovers Go with the Flow

BY DAN KAPELOVITZ
ILLUSTRATION BY KAM YUEN

Kevin sees his neighbor, an attractive female in her mid-20s, exit their apartment building's laundry room. The Wichita, Kansas, lawyer waits a few moments and sneaks into the laundry facility, delighted to find that, just as she has done many times before, the next-door hottie has placed one load of dirty clothes into the washer and left another one by the machine.

The laundry-room burglar rummages through the unattended basket and sees what he was hoping to find: a pair of panties stained with menstrual fluid. Kevin quickly snags the underwear and scurries to his apartment.

The blood in the underwear's crotch is almost completely dry, but the menstruation enthusiast has developed a technique: Kevin sprinkles water on the panties and pops them into the microwave for ten seconds, which remoistens the catamenial fluid and brings the underpants up to body temperature.

The panty thief raises the warm, wet cotton scanties to his nostrils and sniffs the musky aroma as he urgently tugs his cock, fantasizing about his neighbor's blood-dripping vagina.

Beating off with menses-stained undergarments is just one of many period-sex permutations. This rather broad category of erotic activities includes everything from fucking a gal while she's on the rag to sucking on a blood-soaked tampon (known as "Dracula's tea bag").

Although he's a licensed attorney, vaginal vampire Kevin now makes a living maintaining menstrual-fetish Web sites. Because of this newfound profession, he no longer has to tiptoe into laundry rooms to attain his menstrual fix. "I've met so many girls that are into [period sex] themselves that it's not like I have to steal panties anymore. Usually they're given to me as a love offering."

For safety reasons, the 49-year-old Webmaster limits his menstrual play to smelling bloody articles, unless he knows the chick with the hemorrhaging gash, in which case he will take his period passions to more extreme levels. "When I [worked at] an office building instead of out of my home, [there was] a private bathroom that just the girls in my office used," Kevin recalls. "I would hit that very regularly because I had a couple of sexy secretaries. I'd find pads, tampons and panty liners. I knew those girls pretty well; so I'd stick the whole thing in my mouth while I was masturbating."

A spokeswoman for Procter & Gamble, the maker of Tampax, advises against the oral insertion of its flagship feminine product: "I'm not aware of any safety concerns, but we have not tested [the tampon] for that, and we wouldn't recommend it for use in that way, because that's not its intended purpose."

A more realistic health concern is contracting an STD. "Menstrual blood is blood, and HIV can be spread through blood," explains an operator for the Center for Disease Control's National HIV, AIDS and Sexually Transmitted Disease Hotline, who encourages anyone who fucks or sucks a woman during menstruation to use the appropriate protection, such as condoms and dental dams. According to the CDC operator, there is some good news for guys who jerk off with the aid of bloody tampons, underwear and sanitary napkins: Once the menstrual fluid completely dries, the HIV virus dies, and adding water to the excreted womb lining won't bring the virus back to life.

The disease-hotline operator would most likely be horrified to learn of the menstrual activities that period freak Jake engages in. "My wife will take a used tampon directly out of her and put it directly into me," says Jake, who has been a menstrual fanatic ever since he found a box of his mom's tampons and stuck one up his rectum. Aside from the occasional Kotex butt plug, Jake also enjoys playing with tampons while they're inside a menstruating woman's vagina, sucking on bloody feminine products and eating out ladies who are riding the crimson wave.

A 46-year-old North Carolina resident who writes menstrual erotica under the pen name PlanetDweller also engages in a wide variety of ragtime follies. "I've always enjoyed fucking a partner while she's wearing a tampon, then fishing it out and body-painting her with it. I also enjoy penile/vaginal sex, followed by making her lick me clean until I come in her mouth."

Jake and PlanetDweller both blame (or credit) their mothers for their unusual sexual appetites. "[My mother] was very open about menstruation and her own periods from the time I was a toddler,"

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"The taste of blood, pussy juices and semen makes an exquisite cocktail."

says PlanetDweller. "She would leave her used, soiled, rolled-up old Kotex all over the house in the strangest places: the living room, the kitchen and my room."

Similarly, Jake's mom often inserted and removed her tampons in front of him while he took a bath. "She would just come in and make a little production out of things. There was no question that she knew that she had me very excited."

PlanetDweller thinks a preference for period sex may also have to do with evolutionary biology. "Without periods, there would be no fertility, and without fertility, there would be no continuation of the human species; so I think a lot of times this so-called fetish is driven more by a deeply subconscious and primal assessment of potential fertility in a mate than something overtly and consciously sexual."

Pad aficionado C. P. agrees. "During 'that time,' some women give off pheromones that attract some men. The first girl that I really laid a move on was on her period. For some reason, it turned me on." C. P. became so in tune with the come-hither scents of menstruating females that several of his first dates were not-so-coincidentally experiencing the curse.

Whatever the fetish's origins, there are enough flow lovers in the world to support a cottage industry. Risqué Renee sells and stars in a series of menstrual videos, many of which, including *Bloody Mess* and *First Blood*, are considered classics of the "red tape" genre.

The blond auteur, who one reviewer calls the Madam of Menses, creates made-to-order porn flicks for which the buyer can dictate the sex acts that Renee performs on camera. A female European fan recently ordered a custom tape for her male master, who happens to be a huge admirer of Renee's work. She asked Renee to film herself shoving a banana in and out of her pussy, anointing the fruit with her sanguine fluid. The client wants Renee to then peel the banana and reinsert the fruit into her bleeding twat.

The menstrual queen also offers her blood-saturated panties and feminine-hygiene products for sale. "I usually have all of my pads [and] tampons spoken for at least two months in advance. I had a particular customer who wanted the pads on a monthly basis. His wife had gone through menopause, and he missed the whole period thing at home."

Prostitutes and dominatrices also help flow freaks live out their menstrual fantasies. One dominatrix, who wishes to remain anonymous, recalls how one of her clients, a famous sitcom star who has a period fetish, would pay her and a friend to fulfill his kinky requests. "We'd throw bloody tampons at him and make him suck them," says the brunet dominatrix. "I had another client, an uptight Capitol Hill lawyer, who had me save my used tampons, give him a golden shower and force my bloody tampons down his throat."

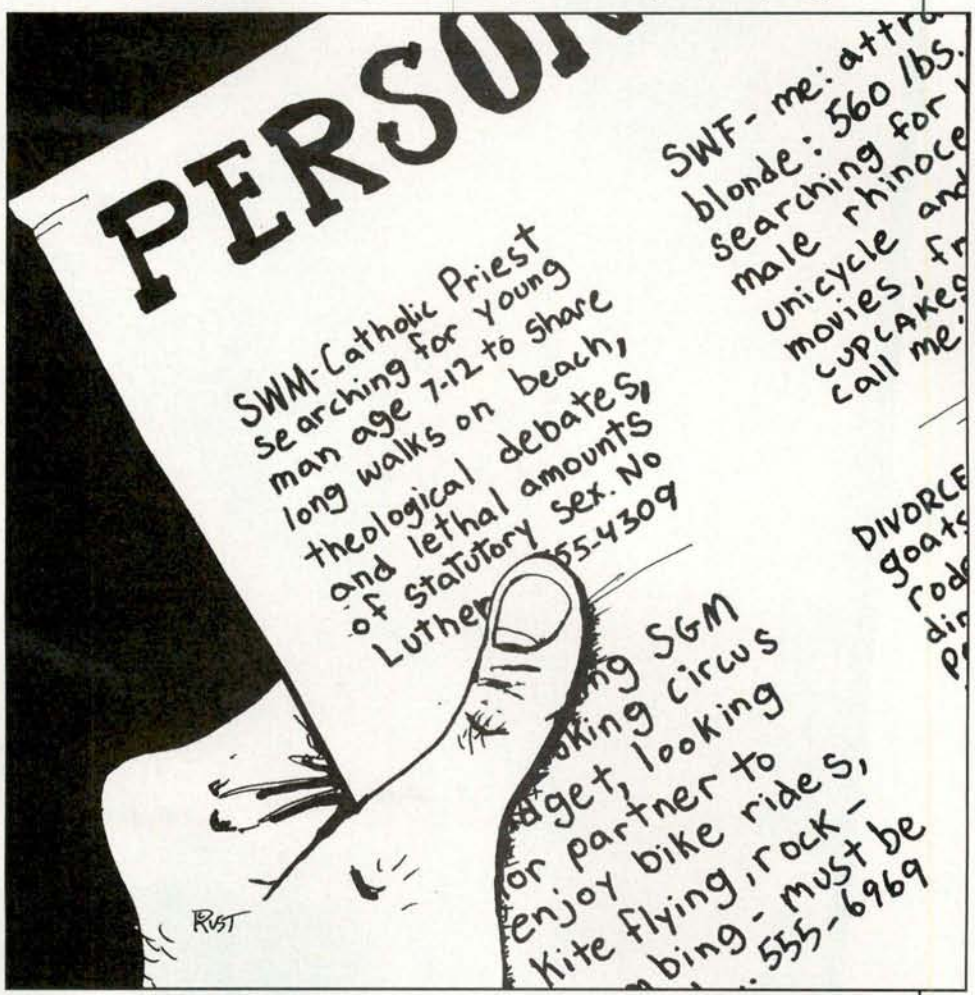
While some period players engage in a wide variety of bloody fun, many menses devotees are extremely finicky. "There is a fine distinction between the pad and tampon people," says Renee.

Surprisingly, not all menstruation enthusiasts are men. "I always lick and suck my lover's dick clean of blood," says Justine, a blond Englishwoman who is featured heavily on Bigtunaman.com, a Web site devoted to menstruation pictures. "The taste of blood, pussy juices and semen makes an exquisite cocktail."

Justine boasts that she has sucked the blood out of her own tampon, as well as used a dildo on her bleeding cunt before licking it clean. Another time, a girlfriend pulled out Justine's tampon and squeezed the blood all over her own tits, which Justine happily lapped up.

Justine calls menstrual sex a "panacea" that relieves cramps and premenstrual syndrome. "Women are often turned on during their periods, and ignoring this can cause frustration and rejection," says the Web starlet. "No wonder women often get grumpy and have mood swings at this time of the month."

PlanetDweller recommends that men and women intimately share this time of the month. "Period sex often creates a special bond between partners," maintains the writer. "If a woman trusts you with her most intimate of times and secrets, then she trusts you explicitly and, pardon the pun, Always."



WENDY

FINGER FOOD

"I love jilling off. Is it possible to be addicted to playing with yourself? If so, then I need to stand up and say, 'Hello, my name is Wendy, and I'm a frigaholic, ever since I was a teenager.' My parents thought it was just a phase, until that Christmas party when a group of their friends found me rockin' around the Christmas tree. Next thing I know, I'm shipped off to a boarding school, where the resident nuns taught me the finer points of algebra, history and genital pleasure. Let's just say that at this phase in my life, I have no use for two of those three subjects."

COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

BUYER'S GUIDE TO DEMOCRACY

Award-winning journalist Greg Palast, author of *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*, exposes the connection between the Bush family and the Bin Ladens, how Jeb Bush and Katherine Harris helped George W. steal the Florida election in 2000, and other explosive information the mainstream media is afraid to touch. Find out the ugly truth next month in the only magazine that isn't too chickenshit to give you the whole story.

WHEN STRIPPERS RULE

The annual Gentleman's Club Expo and Fan Fair in Las Vegas is the largest stripper convention in the world, and 2002's tenth-anniversary extravaganza was the biggest bash yet. Featuring the finest dancers from around the globe competing for the industry's own version of the Academy Awards, the event transformed the Mandalay Bay Theater into a sea of super-inflated chest sacks and limber pole dancers. Correspondents Giddle Partridge and Dan Kapelovitz dove right in to deliver a perv's-eye view of the festivities.

BUMFIGHTS ON THE ROPES

Capitalizing on America's natural urge to watch inebriated hoboes beat the shit out of each other, aspiring filmmakers Ty Beeson and Ray Leticia have made millions with their shockingly popular *Bumfights* videos. However, the sight of homeless men ripping their own teeth out, ramming their heads into walls and breaking one another's bones concerns some homeless advocates, and charges of conspiracy to solicit assault with deadly force (among others) have been leveled against the videos' makers. HUSTLER looks at the legal battle and lets readers decide who's really fighting fair.

IN LIKE A LAMB....

Make out like a lion with HUSTLER's ball-draining March Honeys. When her pussy yowls for penetration, a sly alley brat uses her tail to attract a stray stud. A lonely blond cowgirl lies back and spreads wide during a break in her search for the long, silent type. A pair of showering dykes plug each other's leaky holes with the help of a handy rubber toy. A sultry city chick enjoys the skyline during a sweaty rooftop fuck that deserves landmark status. Elsewhere, a raven-haired country girl puts her fingers to work when the village stud is nowhere to be found. The March HUSTLER is packed with cock-mad cuties you'd be crazy to miss.

MARCHING WHORE-WARD

Plus *Bits & Pieces*, *Dear Slut*, *Erotic Entertainment*, *Real College Girls* and *Beaver Hunt*. The March HUSTLER gives readers progress and pink.

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